

COLLIER'S

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EASTER M C M I.

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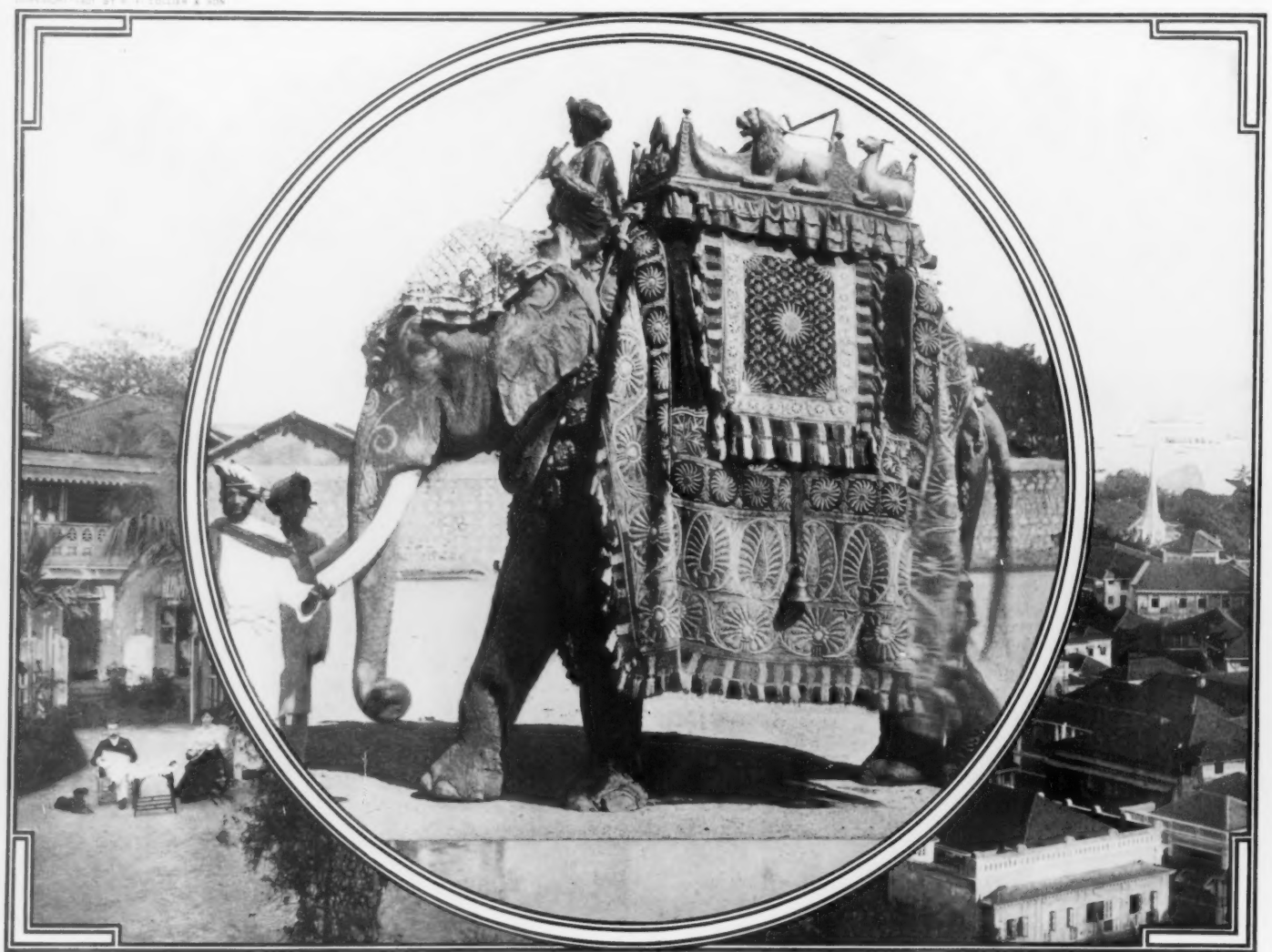
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"AFTER CHURCH"—FIFTH AVENUE ON EASTER SUNDAY



"TIERIN" AT AN ENGLISH BUNGALOW

AN ELEPHANT OF STATE IN HOLIDAY ATTIRE

ON THE SHORES OF THE ARABIAN SEA

THE MEMSAHIB AT HOME

By SARA JEANNETTE DUNCAN

AUTHOR OF "AN AMERICAN GIRL IN LONDON" ETC., ETC.

AMERICAN WOMEN IN INDIA



"SARA
JEANNETTE
DUNCAN"

HOW AND AGAIN during November and December, in a Calcutta shop or theatre, one may hear a sound which makes one turn quickly, with a sudden sensation of pleasure. It is not necessarily an agreeable sound, but its associations are so picturesque and the sense of contrast it evokes so vivid that one almost meets it with a smile of welcome. It is the voice of an American lady, pausing in her travels round the world to look at the squalid, luxurious, happy-go-lucky old capital beside the Hooghly, and finding herself lacking perhaps a button or a boot-lace en route.

They do arrive like this in India, American ladies. They come first to Bombay and then up to Delhi and Agra, Jaipur, Cawnpore, Lucknow and Benares, and so down to Calcutta, where they take ship again for Ceylon, with many additional boxes full of brass-work and embroideries marked "Not Wanted on the Voyage."

If they happen to have letters of introduction to the Viceroy they write their names down in the big visitors' book which lies in the hall at Government House, and then they are asked to dinner and to dances, and see a little of that languid life known as Calcutta society; if they have not provided themselves in this way they drive about in the pleasant January sun over the broad, tree-shaded Maidan (Poodle Park), and look at its many statues, and declare that they have felt the heat ten times as much in New York or Boston—as well they may have, in August. They also look in vain for the historic Black Hole, though in future they will discover where it once was, as Lord Curzon has put up a marble shaft there.

What else do they do? What else did I do when I came

to Calcutta first, a globe-trotter, asking only to admire and to be informed? I went to see the old haunted house that Warren Hastings once lived in, and the garden where he fought Philip Francis, though nobody can do that now, for it has been repaired and relet and people are living there. I drove to see the great banyan tree in the Government Gardens, with its hundreds of roots growing downward from its spreading branches like pillars in a church; and I tried to keep an appointment with the goddess Kali, who has a golden tongue, to look on while they sacrificed a goat to her at a single blow, but as I approached, the smell of fresh blood assailed me and my heart failed me and I turned back.

These are the things American women do in Calcutta, and they stay just long enough to get them done. I have lived in India for ten years, and in that time I have not met a dozen Americans, though I do not speak of the missionaries, who are too much engaged with their work of conversion to have any time for society. There is always, of course, the wife of the American consul; the Standard Oil Company has a representative (usually married), and I can count three or four American wives in the Services.

LADY CURZON AND THE SLOW AND SLEEPY EAST

When Lady Curzon came to adorn the Viceroyalty many things were expected, and among them went about a vague anticipation of an irresistible rush of feminine America to our shores; such a rush, of course, bearing widespread matrimonial consequences. We are a good deal disappointed that this has not been the case. In Simla, where her Excellency lives for seven months out of the year, I can think of only three or four American ladies whom she ever has the pleasure of receiving. A certain charming relative of the Viceregal family in the course of a recent visit to Simla is said to have often exclaimed, "My heart does warm to an American!" It is not without regret that one reflects how seldom that organ could have had the opportunity.

But it will hardly be necessary to insist that the few American ladies who do penetrate our remote little world of Anglo-India are very welcome there. They sometimes bring with them that freshness and originality which is so welcome a contrast to the rather listless and conventional type which is apt to prevail among Britons in Eastern exile, and always they have the saving quality, under circumstances of great monotony, which lies in being a little different. "Have you met So-and-so—she's an American?" is a question that never fails to produce a ray of interest on the hottest, dullest day; and we all hasten to meet the American and hope she will invite

us to tea, sure of dainty entertainment. It may lie in her piquant views or in her delightful clothes; it may be offered in a wonderful cake of which she has brought the secret all the way from Philadelphia or St. Louis, or it may reside in the mere shape of the teaspoons; but the charm will be there.

I do not find American women enthusiastic about life in India. Its drawbacks are obvious to us all—its unvarying days, its distance from Western centres, the isolation of the little groups of English people scattered over the sweltering country, cut off from all that belongs to youth and home, and twenty others I could name if I had a mind to grumble; but to the American temperament they must be particularly trying.

HEAT AND HUMOR IN THE CRADLE OF THE RACE

Stimulus, opportunity, excitement, movement, such things as we have been taught to believe essential to American enjoyment of life, are all lacking here; official work permits no breakneck speed, and there would be nothing to show for it if it did; and in social pleasures there is nothing to make variety out of. I think, too, that Americans have more national feeling in the social sense than almost any other people; they miss the lightness and the gaiety of their home relations, and are particularly sensitive to the heavy hand which the British matron and her lord are apt to lay upon society wherever they may be.

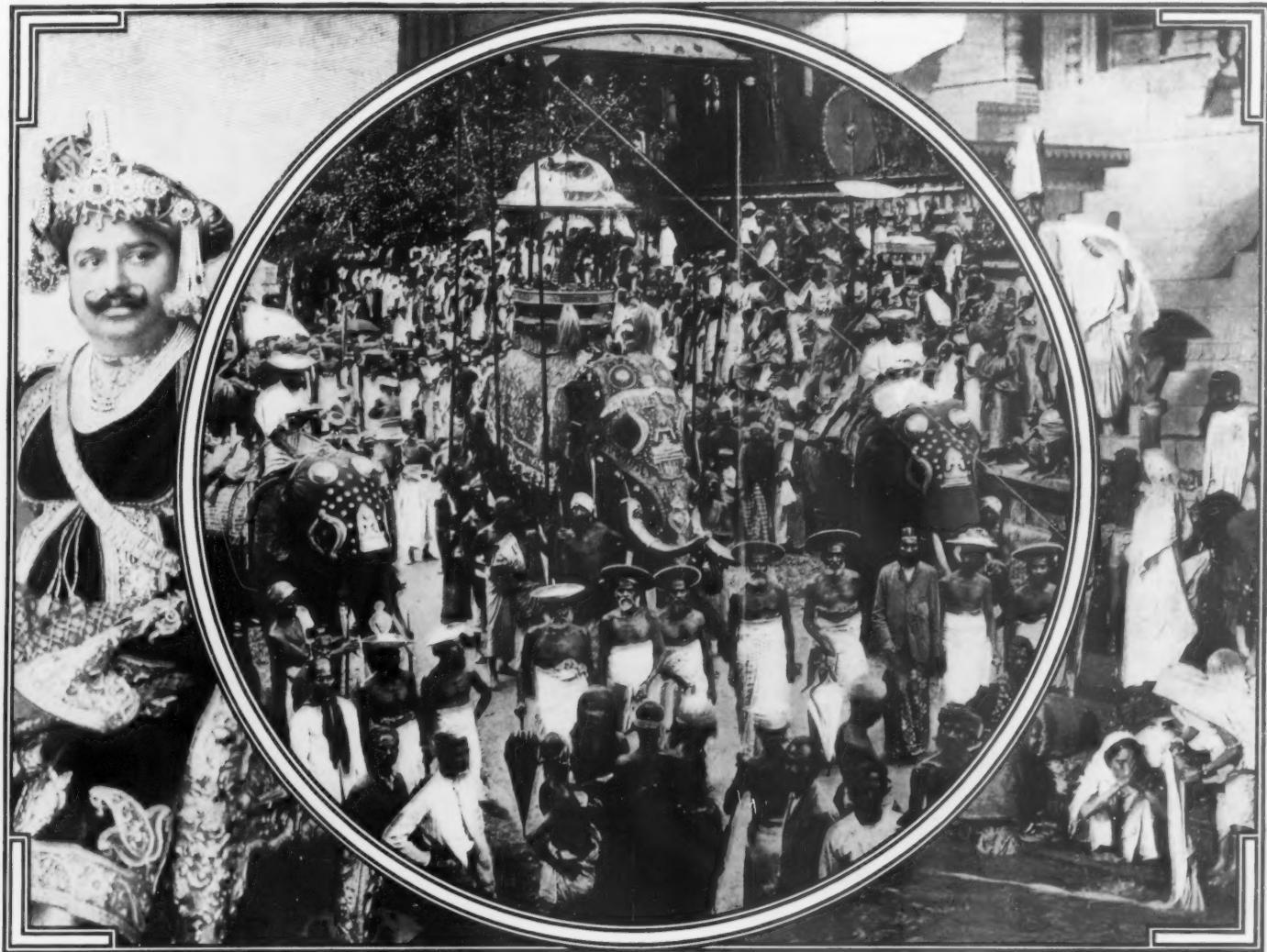
Nevertheless, those who do come possess the invariable facility in assimilation, the almost invariable capacity to make the best of it; they do not seem unhappy. They have one important advantage in feeling the extreme heat less, I think, than Englishwomen do; and they look at the country and its people with that precious sense of humor which makes those who possess it inclined to forgive so much.

It was an American, I remember, the wife of a Bengal railway official, who told me the story of the wailing widow. It was the wife of an old sweeper, a low-caste servant in my friend's employment, who had died in the fulness of time and been burned in the manner of all Hindu flesh. My friend was disturbed in the night by a noise in the garden and sent to inquire what it was. The other servants brought her word that it was the noise of the widow of Buldoo weeping.

"Tell her," said my friend, taking the loose silver from her purse, "that she may have this if she will stop."

It seemed a heartless proposal, didn't it? They took the money to the widow and came back with her message, while she howled more loudly than ever.

"The wife of Buldoo says that here is but fourteen annas.



THE GLORIOUS MAHARAJAH OF BARDA

A GORGEOUS PROCESSION OF INDIAN BUDDHISTS

A BATHING GHAT IN BENARES

She cannot stop for that, but if your honor will make it a rupee (sixteen annas) she will stop."

I assure you, I repeated this story to an English dame, and she said: "How impertinent! I cannot imagine what servants are coming to in this country."

We are not all like that, but some of us are; whereas I am certain that the American has not yet been born who would miss the humor of Buldoo's wife's bargain.

WOMEN TOIL NOT, NEITHER DO THEY SPIN

I suppose there is no place in the world where white women receive so much consideration as they do in India. Class for class, they live here in luxury compared with their conditions at home. The sergeant's wife keeps a cook, the shopgirl orders a "bearer" to pull down boxes from the shelf, the dressmaker drives in her own victoria. Wages, on account of the disability of the climate, are so much higher here that they permit a degree of comfort impossible elsewhere.

I have even known a woman begging, professing extreme destitution, to send a letter in asking for old clothes, and wait for the reply at the gate in a cab. But these are of the ever needy and shiftless class of the Eurasians, the half-castes; it is seldom that a pure white woman is reduced to extremities in India. The community is generous in subscriptions for sudden want, and there is always something for a respectable European to do.

Women belonging to the mercantile, professional, military and official classes might well forget, in India, the estate to which they were born, in the sense of the orthodox feminine duties. They have none. The mistress of most moderate establishments rules over a dozen servants, each with his special employment, and among them they contrive to rob her hands of all that they ever found to do, except, perhaps, writing letters.

Why sew when a little lean man, who sits cross-legged in the veranda with the seam grasped firmly in his toe, can do it so much better and faster, at fifteen cents a day? Why cook when a person in the kitchen, whom you never see, knows twenty dishes to your one? Why bother with the baby when the ayah is ready to croon to him and play with him all day long? One thing she thinks she can do better than he can whose business it is—the gardener has set the flowers very stilly about the drawing-room and she joyfully rearranges them. It will be at least one pleasant duty.

Next morning she discovers that the brown, silent man in the loin cloth, who followed her about with the scissors the day before, learned her pretty trick, and there are the flowers just as she would have them! At first it seems a kind of conspiracy to deprive her of all her natural rights, but gradually she grows accustomed to it and recognizes its necessity.

The climate is the supreme tyrant, and the climate dictates that she has only, in the long run, energy enough to be agreeable to her family and her friends, to keep well and cheerful and companionable, and to be a just and kindly superintendent of her household.

THE DAY'S WORK

Under these circumstances a woman's life in India is naturally largely taken up with social activities. These differ widely in extent with the "station" or centre in which she

finds herself; but there is not so much difference between the fashionable doings of Calcutta and Bankipore, for instance, as between those of New York and a village in Connecticut. The same conventions hold, the same conditions rule. There are not so many parties at Bankipore as at Calcutta; but the people who attend them behave in precisely the same way because they are precisely the same kind of people. That is a curious thing about society in India: no matter from what section or what surroundings Anglo-Indians are drawn they become in a very short time exactly like all the other Anglo-Indians. Another effect of the climate and the isolation, they say; but it makes us less interesting, I often think, than we were perhaps intended to be.

The day begins with "little breakfast"—tea and toast, which the ayah brings on a tray, and then a ride before the threatening sun carries out all he promises and more. The ride is not so invariable as it used to be—the bicycle has largely taken the place of the petted Arab or the wiry little "country-bred" that did his five or six miles cheerfully before breakfast with his memsahib in the saddle.

In Calcutta the principal ride is round the race-course, and every morning numbers of ladies may be seen returning across the Maidan, looking very business-like in white canvas coats and pith helmets, after a gallop over the tan.

Home to bath and breakfast, and then the sahib drives to his office, and the memsahib begins her long day at home.

COOKS AND DARWAZA BUND

First the cook brings his account, and the cook's account is a very crafty document, which must be scrutinized at every point. He has a great deal of time to compose his account, which enables him to think of many items to put down in it which would never occur to anybody in a hurry. They might be called items of general interest—"garden spice," for instance, "lemon," "nutmeg," "kitchen salt," "string," "needle for sewing chicken," "sharpening bread-knife," and many others difficult to dispute, though the lady of the house is well aware that none of them has been bought. She has to add the charges all up in rupees and annas and pices, remembering that twelve pices make an anna and sixteen annas make a rupee, and pices she must not confuse with pice, which belong to another denomination still; so that by the time she has finished with the cook, if the day is a hot one, she sometimes feels quite exhausted already.

Then there is dinner to order, and that is a duty that is taken with very varying seriousness. I have known memsahibs who have said: "To-morrow there will be a party of ten. Let all things be according to custom," but I do not defend them. Others beat their brows for new combinations of the beef and mutton and poultry, with netted snipe and caged quail in their season, which are our portion here; but the results are very much alike. The cook assents to their proposals with humility, and the entrées have the same old flavor. After the cook the other servants want orders, and the dhurrie must be set a new seam. The Chinese shoemaker is waiting at the door with a pair of tennis shoes; he would like to be paid. The coachman has fever and wants some quinine. There are invitations to answer, and at twelve o'clock, high noon, there are visits to receive.

Nobody quite knows why custom demands in India that

twelve to two shall be the visiting hours. It must have been established in the old empty time when those two hours hung most heavily, and a distraction which would break the back of the day was welcomed and encouraged. Now, when even the lives of Anglo-Indian women hold more interests than they used, we grumble a good deal at the old rule, but it is still kept.

Of course nobody need receive. I want to get on with my tale of our occupations this morning, so I have sent down word that "the door is shut"—"darwaza bund." A small wooden box with a slit in it for cards is placed on a nail on the gate, and visitors understand that, although the mistress of the house may be within, she is not disposed to receive. And they drop cards into the box instead and go on their way, for the most part rejoicing that the duty has been so easily done. A friend will sometimes come in notwithstanding; this is known as "running the box," and is a privilege of intimacy.

TIFFIN AND GOSSIP

Then comes tiffin, a meal to which memsahibs usually sit down in solitary state, for her husband will not return before tea-time. Occasionally she invites other memsahibs to share it with her, and then the conversation is indeed a *chef*, unintelligible in its reference, even in many of its words, to the stranger. The Anglo-Indian argot contains many words as graphic and useful as Americanisms, borrowed of course from Hindustani. It is a cheerful chatter, a little casual, reckless, cynical, for feminine talk, but on the whole sensible and sincere. After coffee is served it is quite a part of your hospitality, in the hot weather, to offer your guest a bed for her siesta under the punkah.

Tea and tennis, either in somebody's big garden, grouped with palms and the crimson hibiscus, with parrots screaming in the tamarind trees, or at the club.

The club is the backbone of society in the smaller stations. It is composed of a library and reading-room, where one sees the reviews and picture papers and American magazines three or four weeks old, tennis courts, a croquet lawn, possibly a ballroom, according to the size of the place. Where there are not more than three Europeans, of whom only one is married and his wife is in England, it is not usual to find a ballroom. And so, with a dinner party or a quiet evening on the veranda, the day ends, and the next day is just like it, and all the other three hundred and sixty-three, with the single variation of the seasons.

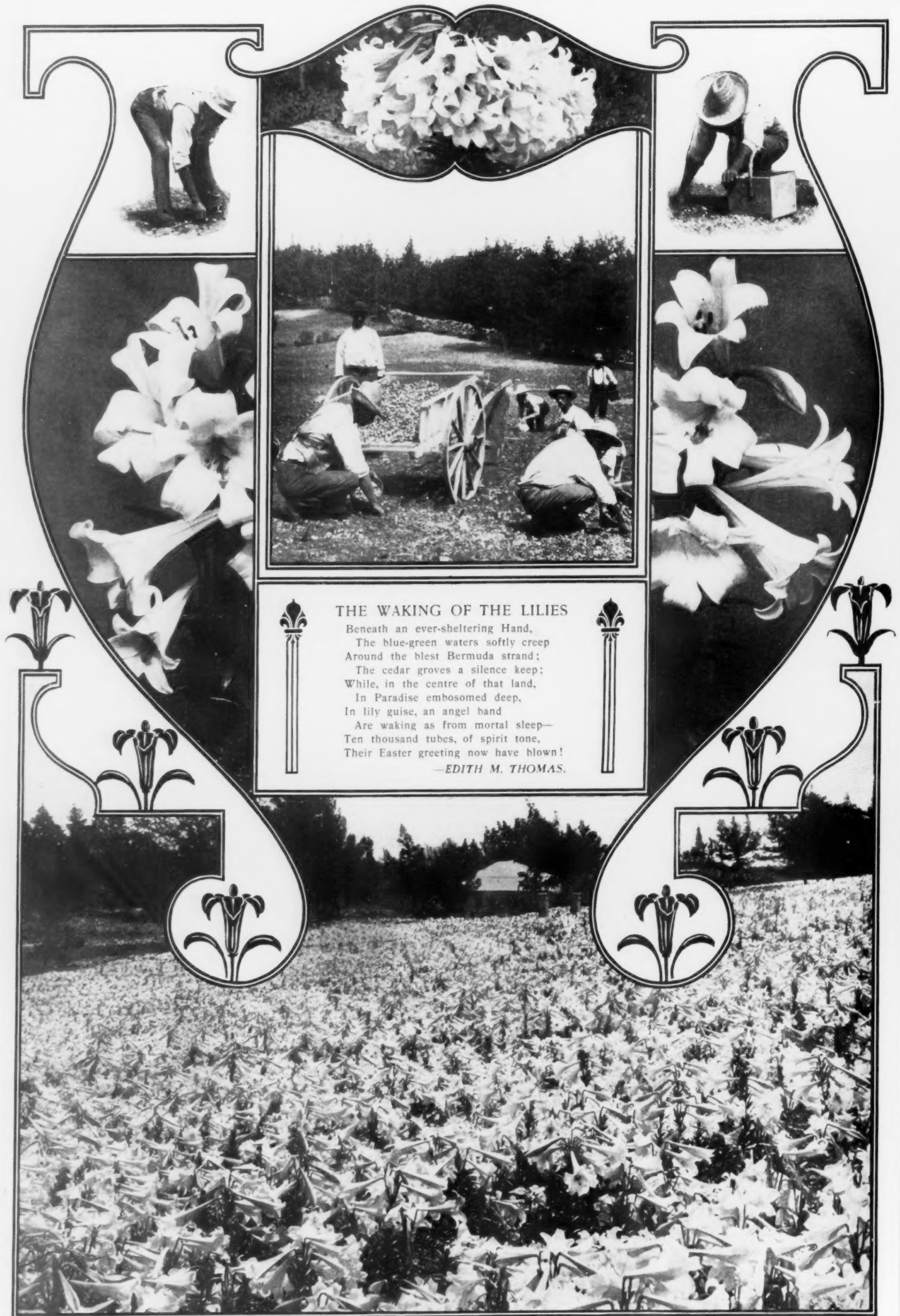
From November to April it is cool enough for many things, a glorious climate; from April to July it is so grilling that no one willingly stirs abroad between ten and five, and every window is tight shut against the heat; from July till October it rains and steams. But there is little change in our employments, only at some times we have more energy for them.

A BEGUM OF INDIA AND A BARONESS OF CHICAGO

It is a fact, considered by some people unfortunate, that there is so little social contact between European and native ladies in India. It is so much easier to deplore an apparently regrettable state of things than to take the trouble to understand it.

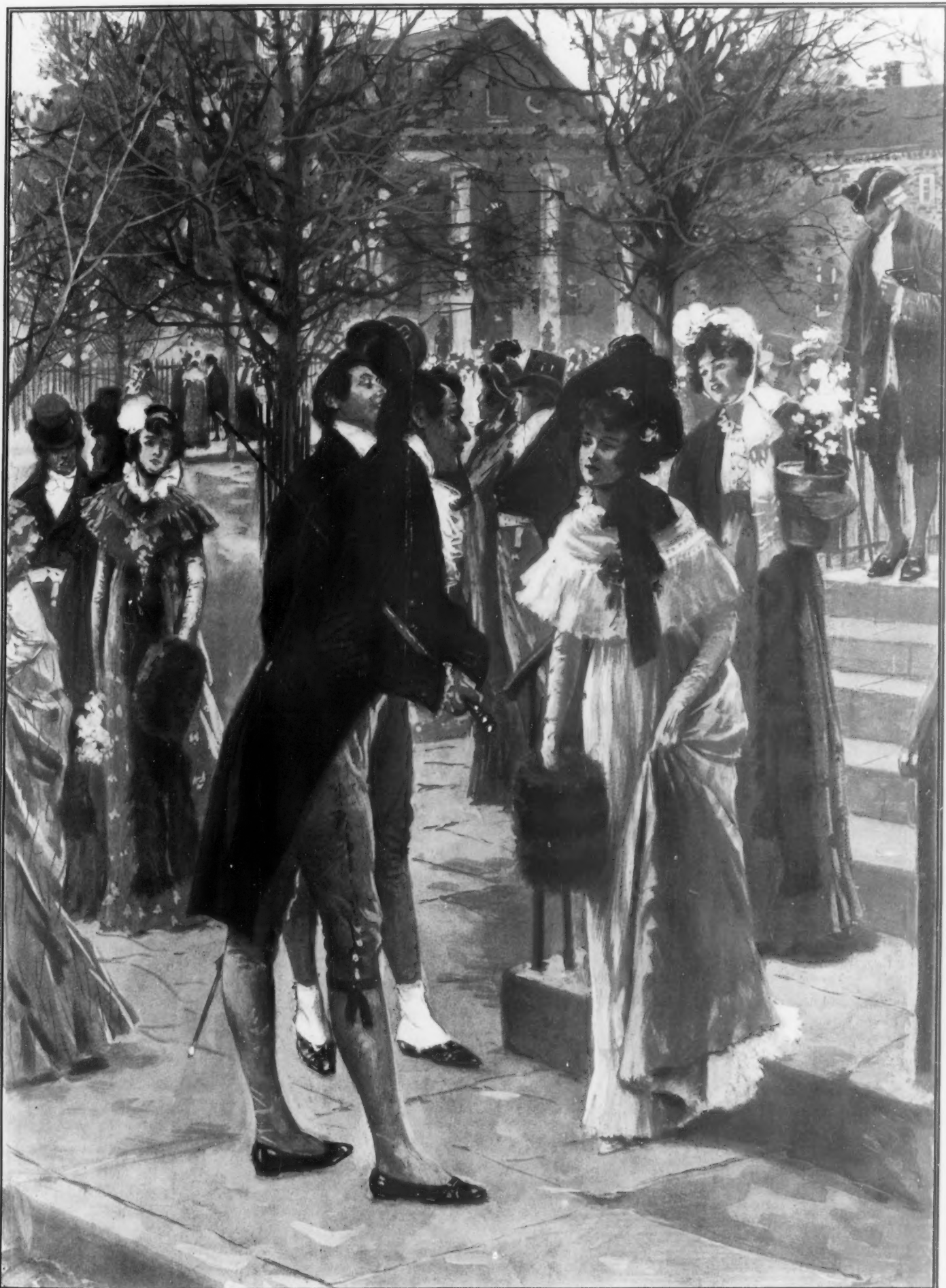
To begin with, the zenana condition quite precludes the

(CONCLUDED ON PAGE 20)



THE OUTERBRIDGE LILY FIELD

THE BIRTHPLACE OF THE EASTER LILIES—HAMILTON, BERMUDA
 (SEE PAGE 23)



DRAWN BY G. M. RILEY

BROADWAY ON EASTER SUNDAY, 1801

"It would have delighted you, dearest Charlotte, to have seen me tripping it along the Mall yesterday morning, after the Easter service in St. Paul's Chapel. Such a promenade of well-dressed belles and beaux, dangling along together in the sprightly sunshine, up and down the Broad Way, e'en as far as the Battery. Cousin Maria, of course, was with me—she bearing a flowering plant in a pot, the gift of our gallant Dr. Primrose. Indeed, we were but leaving his house, when I saw approaching two mon-

strously fine gentlemen, who turned out to be Colonel Jonathan Vanruff and Mr. Jack Manly. As I came down the steps, I faltered with one of the most bewitching false steps you ever saw, and then recovered myself with such a pretty confusion, fliriting my gown to discover a kid shoe and brilliant buckle. How my little heart thrilled to hear their confused raptures of—'Demme, Jack, what a delicate foot!' and—But there! I'll relate you more when we meet."

—Miss Letitia Dimple, to a cousin in the country.



"AS DAWN-DREAM MADE HER TOILET"

THE OUTRAGEOUS MISS DAWN-DREAM

A SPRING MADRIGAL

By JOHN LUTHER LONG

AUTHOR OF "MADAME BUTTERFLY"



"MISS DAWN-DREAM MADE AN OBEDIENCE"

About an Inch Past Seven in the Morning



MISS DAWN-DREAM was embroidering—I do not know what, exactly. It would belong to a trousseau when completed. Perhaps it was a furisode. The shoji were closed—for this was secret work—and close at hand were other shoji. Just outside was a mite of a cherry tree skillfully gnarled to look like much more of a cherry tree. It had a thousand huge pink blossoms thick-studded on its small branches. But a bird had found standing-room among them. Now he trilled a note which made Miss Dawn-Dream drop the furisode—if that is what it was—and fly to the shoji. These she opened and bowed to the bird. "O august first robin," she whispered, "do you announce the spring?"

The bird looked curiously into her apartment. Dawn-Dream thought of the furisode. "You must not look at—that, robin!" She smiled up at him. "What can an excellent little bird know about—wedding things?"

But the bird looked very wise. "Perhaps it is my honorable wedding you announce?" The bird nodded gravely. "But—I have something to do—before!"

The robin pecked at a blossom. He liked Dawn-Dream. Everybody did. "You will wait?"

The bird satisfied her that he would. In Japan, you know, birds are people of more consequence than they are here.

It was not five feet across the tiny garden to the other shoji I have mentioned. One of these had also opened. A face had appeared. Then a hand. In this was a bird. The artist also bowed to the bird. Then he saw Miss Dawn-Dream and began to close his shoji and to pretend that he had not. For he had looked into his fiancée's body of bodies—and this was excessively improper! Men had been killed for this.

But—Dawn-Dream smiled at him! He halted—questioned—there was no one to see—opened his shoji a little! Dawn-Dream smiled more. Further, the shoji! Until he stood brazenly revealed! Miss Dawn-Dream made a little obeisance. The bird looked unbelievably from one to the other.

"It was spring," said the young artist, answering her question to the bird.

"Yes."

Now she should have bowed deeply—deeply, and closed her shoji, slowly. This the bird expected. But it did not happen.

"As long as I stand this way he cannot see within—the furisode—"

was her curious excuse to the bird—in whispers. But she did not think how pretty she might be—framed by the shoji, like a kakemono, freshly unveiled for the young artist—until she looked at him again. Then, she asked of the things in his face:

"What, excellent Sushu?"

"I observe a celestial goddess!"

Now certainly she would go!

Instead she spoke back to the daring artist!

"They bloom to-day!"

"Here?" He meant goddesses.

Dawn-Dream looked toward the tree.

"Here."

"Here the sun shines augustly always!"

Dawn-Dream smiled ecstatically.

"Always!"

But the girl meant more than even he did. The bird

chirruped her a small note of warning. The artist must have understood a little. He said: "Because here is the goddess!"

The girl chanted: "In the spring It often happens—Men to maidens—Speak dear things!"

He begged her pardon. He put his hand to his ear. She answered with another:

"In the spring A maiden wonders Why she has not Nest and wings!"

They laughed together—very timorously. I hope, as you see how the ice is breaking, you do not forget how daring all this was—in Japan. The bird did not. He was receiving a series of debilitating shocks. Why could not people without feathers behave like people with feathers—precisely as they ought? I hope you do not forget how dull and proper the artist was—yet how fascinated; how subtle Miss Dawn-Dream was—yet how determined.

"To-day the cherries should bloom everywhere," said the artist (whose name, it is time you should know, was Mr. Rock-Crystal); "it is the day of the Garden-Party of the Celestial Empress."

At the name of the Empress both kowtowed, and the bird, for the first time, approved their communion.

"They should bloom—yes!" said Dawn-Dream.

They bowed to each other and laughed.

Now this was a cunning saying. The cherries do always

bloom on the day of the Garden-Party of the Empress. But if the cherries are not ready to bloom on that day the party waits! You do not go, notwithstanding your command, until a stentorian messenger bangs at your shoji and informs you that the imperial blossoms condescend to receive the imperial court!

"And that day," sighed the girl, "everybody does daring things!"

The dull artist wondered a moment.

"Do you, divine one, wish to do a daring thing?"

"Yes!"

She flung it at him in a way to appall the bird.

But, just then, came a mighty rattling of the artist's other shoji. And Miss Dawn-Dream could not help hearing—even if she had wished to help it, which I do not believe—

Mr. Rock-Crystal being bidden to the Imperial Gardens!

Now, again, Dawn-Dream should have closed her shoji and pretended that she had heard nothing and that Rock-Crystal would not return to the shoji he had left open to indicate that he would. But all Dawn-Dream did was to rush back and put the furisode out of sight and then return and stand just as if she had not moved—putting out her tongue a little at the scandalized bird.

Rock-Crystal looked guilty.

"You?" reproached the girl, "who do not wish to do anything honorably outrageous?"

The artist displayed his card—nearly a yard square—by way of saying that it was a command!

"I forgot that you were a samurai—with swords—and a queen—and I only a—"

"Goddess!" smiled her lover.

"No!"

Miss Dawn-Dream stamped her foot.

He repeated his sacrifice.

"A goddess! And I have not power to make you—"

"What?" asked the artist breathlessly.

"Take me!"

After the shock the artist said:

"You shall go!"

"I?"

"If I die for it!"

"Oh!"

Dawn-Dream held up a finger and looked fearfully back

ward lest her aunt—or Kanzashi-San—might have heard. Or, was it only a cunning pretence of danger? Peril makes brave men braver. And the young samurai was scowling as all his ancestors did in their armed portraits.

"You dare not!" whispered Miss Dawn-Dream hugely across the tiny garden.

"I dare!"

Back in a more huge whisper:

"You—dare?"

One should have seen Dawn-Dream's eyes then! "Ssh!"

The brave young artist crossed the tiny garden as if each pebble were an explosive.

The robin stared and followed him with one outraged eye while he tried to keep the girl in the other.

"Ssh!—ssh!—ssh!—ssh!" at each step, like a stage villain.

Dawn-Dream closed her shoji so that only her nose and one eye could be seen.

"Listen!" Rock-Crystal had to come very close. It was treason he was compassing. The furisode was out of sight—if that is what it was.

"I will change my name to yours. See—" He had brought a blush dipped in red. He showed her—on the palm of his hand—how it could be done by the transposition of a Chinese character. The young artist was very wise—in Chinese.

"And you?" asked the disappointed girl.

"Me? I shall paint."

"The command is for—one?"

"Always for but one."

"Pardon me. I do not wish to go like an excellent thief in a graveyard," said the girl with sudden haughtiness.

The artist felt hurt.

"I am a goddess!"

Now the girl laughed.

"I do not understand."

This was true. The young artist was very wise in Chinese—but very dull about women. He began to retreat—backward—dropping the color from his brush like splashes of blood. Then he had a thought.

"You did not mean—just—me?"

The girl nodded solemnly.

It was unbelievable. But he was brave—when once he understood.

"I will take you to-night! To Mukojima!"

Dawn-Dream was interested.

"Nothing is so augustly divine as the cherries by the light of the vast moon. It is for goddesses!"

"And my aunt and Kanzashi-San also?"

"Certainly! Your aunt and Miss Hair-Pin!"

"They are not—goddesses?"

"No."

Such a dull artist—about women!

"Pardon me, very excellent Sushu, I do not, either, care for the cherries by moonlight—with Miss Aunt and Miss Hair-Pin."

Now—did he understand?

No! Such a very dull artist!

"Good morning, excellent Sushu,"

she began to close the shoji.

The bird chirped his satisfaction.

"I am thinking!"

Sushu put up his hand to prevent the closing of the screen. It continued on its way remorselessly.

"You would not go without them? You?"

Through the last half-inch.

The shoji opened a little. Miss Dawn-Dream's head nodded.

"Shaka! No one has ever—"

The shoji closed. Through the last inch or two;

"Yes!"

His one word made the shoji open to its full. Oki-Yume

dropped to her knees so that their faces were quite on the same plane. She looked backward, then beckoned him a little closer. She had to whisper very softly. The bird peered with shocked eyes under the branch at them.

"Goo-tou-San—"

The artist tried to stop her. The American girl and the fearful things she had done—and left undone—according to his code!

"I will not stop! There! You have given me leave—now! I shall speak—anything! There is no one to hear. There will be no one to see—at Mukojima! You are shocked?"

"Yes!"

"Oh!"

"Oh!"

"Oh!"

"Oh!"

"Oh!"

"Oh!"

"Oh!"

"Oh!"

"Oh!"



GOOD-NIGHT—WITH SMILES



"TO MUKOJIMA!"



DRAWN BY CHARLES HOPE PROVOST

"IN THE BEAUTY OF THE LILIES—"

I shall make eyes at you then! There! She taught me! I can make eyes!"

She showed him that she could.

"She said she would not be excellently married until she had done something outrageous. She wanted to put her feet on a table and smoke. I do not."

"What is the outrageous thing you wish to do?" asked the frightened Suishu.

"Love!"

"What is that?"

"This and this and this!"

Certain wild movements with her arms, and, at the last, something queer with her lips.

The artist only stared—vastly fascinated.

"Oh, no one knows how sweet it is till he tries! I will show you—at Mukojima. Just as she showed me. It is terrible—but dear. She is not to be married for many years—though she is older than I am. I promised her that I would do the outrageous thing before. So that we would have something to be proud of when we were old—to confess, conceal and smile over—to tell in whispers—to women. She has many days for outrageous things. I only a few, Suishu?"

The young samurai shook his head savagely—as if that were the end of it. But it was not. He was not wise—concerning women.

"Then I will not marry you! She says no husband in Amer-

ica loves his wife like that after he is married. And I will be loved like that—if for only one day—before I am married! Yes! Else I will not marry you—ever! When they come to take me to your house they shall find me in my furisode—yes—and the flowers in my hair—yes—and the veil upon me—yes—the point on my cheeks and lips—the embroidered obi—dead!"

The expectant bridegroom had never heard anything so desperate. He was sufficiently shocked for her to go on—very wittingly now:

"If you would change the name in red—yes—I could go to—Mukojima! And you might—be there! Or—on the way! There is no law against that! You alone—I. Only the cooies, Well? We might meet!"

And all the dull artist said was:

"Also, we might—not!"

"We might not," laughed the girl.

"Your august aunt will think you at the Imperial Gardens!"

"Yes."

"But you will not be there!"

"No."

"It will be an honorable untruth!"

"Yes."

"It shall not occur!"

"You wish me to be married without having done one honorable outrageous thing? You wish me to break my word to Goo-Goo-San? You wish me to have been as I have always been—quite proper? With nothing to conceal!—confess? Nothing to be proud of in secret? Nothing to tell in whispers when I have blackened my teeth—to women? Very well! I have always been quite proper. So I shall die—unwed. Good-morning!"

She closed the shoji in the artist's face with shocking suddenness.

The bird nodded approvingly.

The shoji opened a little.

"What did you say?" asked Dawn-Dream.

The bird looked vexed.

Almost, the artist had blurted out: "Nothing!"

But some of the eight hundred thousand demons helped him. He looked at his queer little clock, which ran forward twelve hours, then backward twelve, and said:

"It is now, divine one, about an inch past seven in the august morning. At eight a messenger will summon you to the Imperial Gardens—alone. As for me"—he seemed to face some calamity coolly—"at one in the afternoon I shall be on my way to Mukojima by the road which follows the river—rather than have you honorably dead!"

"Yes," beamed the girl. "Rather outrageous and alive—a little outrageous—than proper—very proper—and honorably dead!"

But the artist hesitated.

"Say so!" commanded Dawn-Dream.

Rock-Crystal obeyed.

The girl bowed solemnly and closed her shoji. He bowed more solemnly and closed his.

The bird looked for ten minutes from one to the other, then gave way to despair.

As Miss Dawn-Dream made her toilet she said to her mirror: "He did! I made him! Always I shall make him. Thank you, Goo-Goo-San!"

But, was it Goo-Goo-San she had to thank?

Later, as she and Miss Hair Pin, her maid, leaned upon the porcelain screen, and talked gravely, so that one could hardly have fancied her the Dawn-Dream of a few minutes before, some one pounded upon the shoji and summoned her to the Imperial Gardens.

"You!" said the maid.

"Me?" pouted her mistress.

"And you must go alone!"

"Alone!" answered Dawn-Dream heroically.

II

At One in the Afternoon

SO AT ONE in the afternoon a rickshaw containing a girl was racing up the river road, trying desperately to keep ahead of another containing a man—and not succeeding.

Did the four girls among the rises—themselves like irises



"IT DOES NOT RAIN!"



"DID THEY UNDERSTAND?"

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—understand? Two of them were dull and only wondered. But the two with arms entwined—under a pink umbrella—they smiled!

And, as they entered the cherry groves? A little procession of maidens was leaving it—all, all alone! Did they know that Dawn Dream was *not* alone? And that she was doing something outrageous?

One of them looked back—saw—nodded. Such is joy! For—I do not know how they managed it—they arrived side by side. And the girl from the one rickshaw leaped—flying, laughing, chattering—into the unwilling arms of the man from the other—to the vast scandal of the multitude, who turned their backs and laughed. Such is joy!

And, there was no aunt to see, now, nor any Miss Hair-Pin to chaperon, and the coolies were to wait at the entrance! Think of it! But—they were to be married in a month—and the furisode was nearly ready—Still—I am glad the bird was not there.

To his unwilling arms Dawn Dream said:

"But you will like it better and better."

Well—he did. The next of her allures was taken more easily.

"Do not be discouraged," laughed beautiful Dawn Dream. He laughed with her. Think of it! And said that he would not be! His vanquishment was complete in an hour!

"Do you like the American way?"

"Yes—with Japanese constraint."

Pray fancy the constraint!

The first poem they found hanging from the branches was for him—so she swore—you know how she swore! By the myriad gods—by the peace of Shaka:

"My love has hair
Which shades his brow
Like leaves—
Like leaves at midnight—
When the moon is out
And very fair."

The next—as it should be—was for her. So he swore—you know how:

"I've a maiden
With a laugh—
Low-sweet-sure!
Oh!"

"I've a maiden
With a hand—
Like this—these—
Oh!"

The illustration of "this," "these," was one cherry blossom—then two.

"You!" laughed the artist fondly.

"Then there is another?"

"Yes! This—these!"

Not the dull artist now! He put his lips to each one!

Dawn Dream stood off and stared.

"You are outrageous yourself!"

He laughed. She looked at the hands he held.

"There are—two."

"Two! Yes! A thousand—all the hands of the world—in these!"

The girl held her breath in ecstasy.

"Oh, oh, oh! You! A great samurai! You! Head of a clan! You, too, will have something to conceal! To tell with whispering! To be proud of among men! Never among women! Promise!"

He laughed her his promise.

"Oh, how you learn! At first it was so hard!"

She looked wistfully up at him. He looked longingly down at her. Some clairvoyant temptation came to both of them.

"In the spring
It often happens
Men to maidens
Say dear things—"

Both looked whimsically about. They were not alone. Both sighed. A woman passed. He reached out for the scroll at his hand.

"Cherry-blossoms are very pink—
Yet not so pink as you are.
April-wind is melody—
Yet never such as you are."

Yume-San replied with another:

"My lover is a huge, huge bear!
He has a coat of wire—
Claws!
He embraces me—as a bear!
I cry out!
He has a woman's heart—
He lets me go!
Ugh!
My lover is a huge, huge bear!"

They laughed together.

"You!" said Miss Dawn Dream.

"A bear?"

"So huge?"

"So huge."

"The fur of wire?"

"Of wire."

"Claws?"

"Yes."

"Embracing—"

At that moment they were quite alone. It was a pink fleeced grotto. She came upon him—her head drooping. He retreated—perhaps an inch—fighting for some decorum within.

"In a month we will be married!"

She pouted it in whispers.

The thing within was vanquished.

His arms opened—closed. A policeman poked his head into the grotto.

"Pardon me," he said hastily.

"You did not cry out," he whispered joyously, "so—"

"You are a bear!"

"You did not cry out, and so—you do not cry out—*now*!"

"You have *not*—a woman's heart!"

She tore herself from him and ran away—laughing back.

It was quite late in the afternoon—no longer in the pink grotto—when Miss Dawn Dream said:

"Now I know that you adore me."

"Of course!"

But that was too easy.

"Ask me *how* I know, please."

He did so.

"You gave up the garden party—for this."

"Oh!"

"For *me*?"

As if that would make him regret it!

"I got more than I gave!"

"No one ever before gave up the garden party for—a woman!"

"No?"

"For anything but death!"

"Oh!"

"And you are not afraid?"

"Of what?"

"The American—things?"

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 20)



THE OFFICIAL TERMINATION OF THE "LITTLE QUEEN'S" HONEYMOON—On Tuesday, March 5, to the sound of national hymns, the fluttering of bunting, and the booming of cannon from the ships of war, Queen Wilhelmina of Holland and her consort, Prince Henry, made their state entry into Amsterdam, and were received with extraordinary enthusiasm. At the palace they were met by the Queen-Mother, and in response to the cheers of an immense crowd that had been permitted to gather in front of the palace the Queen and her husband appeared on the balcony.—(See page 21)

GEOFFREY'S WIFE

By MARY CHOLMONDELEY, Author of "Red Pottage"

ILLUSTRATED BY HARRISON FISHER



VERY ONE FELT an interest in them. The mob-capped servants hung over the banisters to watch them go downstairs. Alphonse reserved for them the little round table in the window, which commanded the best view of the court, with its dusty flower-pots grouped round an intermittent spurt of water. Even the landlord, Monsieur Leroux, found himself often in the gateway when they passed in or out, in order to bow and receive a merry word and glance.

Even the *concierge*, who dwelt retired, aloof from the contact of the outer world in his narrow, key-adorned shrine, even he unbent to them and smiled back when they smiled. It was a queer little old-fashioned hotel, rather out of the way. Nevertheless, young married couples had stayed there before. Their name, indeed, at certain periods of the year was Legion. There were other young married couples staying there at that very moment, but everybody felt that a peculiar interest attached to this young married couple. For one thing, they were so absurdly, so overwhelmingly happy. People, Monsieur Leroux himself, and others, had been happy in an early portion of their married lives, but not like this couple. People had had honeymoons before, but never one like this couple. Although they were English, they were so handsome and so sunny. And he was so well made and devoted, the chambermaids whispered. And, ah! how she was *piquante*, the waiters agreed.

They had a little sitting-room. It was not the best sitting-room, because they were not very rich; but Geoffrey (she considered Geoffrey such a lovely name, and so uncommon) thought it the most delightful little sitting-room in the world when she was in it. And Mrs. Geoffrey also liked it very much; oh! very much indeed.

He had had hard work to win her. Sometimes, when he watched her tangle many-colored wools over the mahogany back of one of the tight horsehair chairs, he could hardly believe that she was really his wife, that they were actually on that honeymoon for which he had toiled and waited so long. Beneath the gaiety and the elastic spirit of youth there was a depth of earnestness in Geoffrey which the little wife vaguely wondered at and valued as something beyond her ken, but infinitely heroic. He looked upon her with reverence and thanked God for her. He had never had much to do with womankind, and he felt a respectful tenderness for everything of hers, from her prim maid to her foolish little shoe-lace, which was never tired of coming undone, and which he was never tired of doing up. The awful responsibility of guarding such a treasure, and an overpowering sense of its fragility, were ever before his mind. He laughed and was gay with her, but in his heart of hearts there was an acute joy nigh to pain—a wonder that he should have been singled out from among the sons of men to have the one pearl of great price bestowed upon him.

They had come to Paris, and to Paris only, partly because it was the year of the Exhibition, and partly because she was not very strong, and was not to be dragged through snow and shaken in diligences like other common brides. The bare idea of Eva in a *diligence*, or tramping in Switzerland, was not to be thought of. No, Geoffrey knew better than that. A quiet fortnight in Paris, the Opera, the Exhibition, Versailles, St. Cloud, Notre Dame—these were disquisitions calculated not to disturb the exquisite poise of a health of such inestimable value. He knew Paris well. He had seen it all in those foolish bachelor days, when he had rushed across the water with men companions, knowing no better, and enjoying himself in a way even then.

And so he took her to St. Cloud, and showed her the wrecked palace; and they wandered by the fountains and bought *grosjeu* cake, which he told her was called "*plaisir*," only he was wrong—but what did that matter? And they went down to Versailles and saw everything that every one else had seen, only they saw it glorified—at least he did. And they sat very quietly in Notre Dame, and listened to a half divine organ and a wholly divine choir, and Geoffrey looked at the sweet, awed face beside him, and wondered whether he could ever in all his life prove himself worthy of her. And though of course, being a Protestant, he did not like to pray in a Roman Catholic Church, still he came very near it, and was perhaps none the worse.

And now the fortnight was nearly over. Geoffrey reflected with pride that Eva was still quite well. Her mother, of whom he stood in great awe—her mother, who had an avowed disbelief in the moral qualities of second sons—even her mother would not be able to find any fault. Why, James himself, his eldest brother, whom she had always openly preferred, could not have done better than he had done. He who had so longed to take her away was now almost longing to take her back home, just for five minutes, to show her family how blooming she was, how trustworthily he had proved himself to be.

The fortnight was over on Saturday, but at the last moment they decided to stay till Monday. Was it not Sunday, the night of the great Illuminations? suggested Alphonse reproachfully. Were not the Champs Elysees to present a spectacle? Were not fires of joy and artifice to mount from the Bois de Boulogne? Surely Monsieur and Madame would stay for the Illuminations! Was not the stranger coming from unknown distances to witness the Illuminations? Were not the Illuminations in honor of the Exhibition? It could not be that Monsieur would suffer Madame to miss the Illuminations.

Eva was all eagerness to stay. Two more nights in Paris. To go out in the summer evening, and see Paris *en fête*! Delightful! Geoffrey was not to say a single word! He did not want to! Well, never mind, he was not to say one; and she

was going instantly, that very moment, to stop Grabham packing up, and he was to go instantly, that very moment, to let Monsieur Leroux know they intended to stay on.

And they both went instantly, that very moment, and they stayed on. And he was very severe in consequence, and refused to allow her to tire herself on Saturday, and insisted on her resting all Sunday afternoon, as a preparation for the dissipation of the evening. They had met some English friends on Sunday morning who had invited them to their house in the Champs Elysees in the course of the evening to see the illuminations from their balcony. And then toward night Geoffrey became more autocratic than ever, and insisted on a woollen gown instead of a muslin, because he felt certain that it would not be so hot toward the middle of the night as it then was. She said a great many very unkind things to him, and they sallied forth together at nine o'clock as happy as two pleasure-seeking children.

"You will not be of return till the early morning. I see it well," said Monsieur Leroux, bowing to them. "Monsieur does well to take the little *châle* for Madame for fear later she should feel herself fresh. But as for rain, will not Madame leave her umbrella with the *concierge*? No? Monsieur prefers? *Eh bien! Bon soir!*"

It was a perfect night. It had been fiercely hot all day, but it was cooler now. The streets were already full of people, all bearing the same way toward the Champs Elysees. With some difficulty Geoffrey procured a little carriage, and in a few minutes they were swept into the chattering, idle, busy throng, and slowly making their way toward the Langtons' house. Every building was gay with colored lanterns. The Place de la Concorde shone afar like a belt of jewelled light. The great stone lions glowed upon their pedestals. Clear as in noonday sunshine, the rocking sea of merry faces met Eva's delightful gaze; she beaming with the rest.

And now they were driving down the Champs Elysees. The fountains leaped in colored flame. The Palais de l'Industrie gleamed from roof to basement, built in fire. The Arc de Triomphe, crowned with light, stood out against the dark of the moonless sky, flecked by its insignificant stars.

"Beautiful! Beautiful!" and Eva clapped her hands and laughed.

And now it was the painful, the desolating duty of the driver to tell them he could take them no further. Carriages were not allowed beyond a certain hour, and either he must take them back or put them down. Geoffrey demurred. Not so Mrs. Geoffrey. In a moment she had sprung out of the carriage, and was laughing at the novel idea of walking in a crowd. Geoffrey paid his man and followed. There was plenty of room to walk in comfort, and Eva, on her husband's arm, wished the Langtons' house miles away, instead of a few hundred yards. She said she must and would walk home. Geoffrey must relent a little, or she on her side might not be so agreeable as she had hitherto shown herself. She was quite certain that she should catch a cold if she drove home in the night air in an open carriage. What was that he was mumbling? That if he had known that he would not have brought her? But she was equally certain that it would not hurt her to walk home. Walking was a very different thing from driving in open carriages late at night. An ignorant creature like him might not think so, but her mother would not have allowed her to do such a thing for an instant. Geoffrey quailed, and gave vent to that sure forerunner of masculine defeat, that "he would see."

It was very delightful on the Langtons' balcony, with its constellation of swinging Chinese lanterns. Eva leaned over and watched the people and chatted to her friends, and was altogether enchanting—at least Geoffrey thought so.

The night is darkening now. The streets blaze bright and brighter. The crowd below rocks and thickens and shifts without ceasing. Long lines of flame burn red along the Seine, and mark its windings as with a hand of fire. The great electric light from the Trocadero casts heavy shadows against the sky. Jets of fire and wild vagaries of leaping stars rush up out of the Bois de Boulogne.

And now there is a contrary motion in the crowd, and a low murmur swells and echoes and dies and rises again. The torchlight procession is coming. That square of fire, moving slowly down from the Arc de Triomphe through the heart of the crowd, is a troop of mounted soldiers carrying torches. Hark! Listen to the low, sullen growl of the multitude, like a wild beast half aroused.

The army is very unpopular in Paris just now. See, as the soldiers come nearer, how the crowd sweeps and presses round them, tossing like an angry sea. Look how the soldiers rear their horses against the people to keep them back. Hark again to that fierce roar that rises to the balcony and makes little Eva tremble; the inarticulate voice of a great multitude raised in anger.

They have passed now, and the crowd moves with them. Look down the Champs Elysees, right down to the cobweb of light which is the Place de la Concorde. One moving mass of heads! Look up toward the Arc de Triomphe. They are pouring down from it on their way back from the Bois in one continuous black stream, good-humored and light-hearted again as ever, now the soldiers have passed.

It is long past midnight. Ices and lemonade and sugared cakes have played their part. It is time to go home. The summer night is soft and warm, without a touch of chill. The other guests on the Langtons' balcony are beginning to disperse. The Langtons look as if they would like to go to bed. The crowd below is melting away every moment. The play is over.

Eva is charmed when she hears that a carriage is not to be had in all Paris for love or money. To walk home through the lighted streets with Geoffrey! Delightful! A few cheer-

ful leave-takings and they are in the street again with another English couple who are going part of the way with them.

"Come, wife, arm in arm," says the elder man; adding to Geoffrey, "I advise you to do the same. The crowd is as harmless as an infant, but it will probably have a little and mal spirits to get rid of, and it won't do to be separated."

So arm in arm they went, walking with the multitude, which was not dense enough to hamper them. From time to time little groups of *gamins* would wave their hats in front of magisterial buildings and sing the prohibited Marseillaise, while other bands of *gamins* equally good humored, but more hot-headed, would charge through the crowd with Chinese lanterns and drums and whistles.

"Not tired?" asked Geoffrey regularly every five minutes, drawing the little hand further through his arm.

Not a bit tired, and Geoffrey was a foolish, tiresome creature to be always thinking of such things. She should say she was tired next time if he did not take care. In fact, now she came to think of it, she was *rather* tired by having to walk in such a heavy woollen gown.

"Don't say that, for Heaven's sake, if it is not true!" said the long suffering husband, "for we have a mile in front of us yet."

The other couple wished them good night and turned off down a side street. Everywhere the houses were putting out their lights. Night was gaining the upper hand at last. As they entered the Place de la Concorde, Geoffrey saw a small body of mounted soldiers crossing the Place. Instantly there was a hastening and pushing in the crowd, and the low, deep growl arose again, more ominous than ever. Geoffrey caught a glimpse of a sudden upraised arm, he heard a cry of defiance, and then—in a moment there was a roar and shout from a thousand tongues, and an infuriated mob was pressing in from every quarter, was elbowing past, was struggling to the front. In another second the whole Place de la Concorde was one seething mass of excited people, one hoarse jangle of tongues, one frantic effort to push in the direction the soldiers had taken.

Geoffrey, a tall, athletic Englishman, looked over the surging sea of French heads, and looked in vain for a quarter to which he could beat a retreat. He had not room to put his arm round his wife. She had given a little laugh, but she was frightened, he knew, for she trembled in the grasp he tightened on her arm. One rapid glance showed him there was no escape. The very lions at the corners were covered with human figures. They were in the heart of the crowd, its faint, sickening smell was in their nostrils.

"No, Eva," he said, answering her imploring glance. "We can't get out of this yet. We must just move quietly, with the rest, and wait till we get a chance of edging off. Lean on me as much as you can."

She was frightened and silent, and nestled close to him, being very small and slight of stature, and by nature timid.

Another deep roar, and a sudden rush from behind, which sent them all forward. How the people pushed and elbowed! Bah! The smell of a crowd! Who that has been in one has ever forgotten it?

This was a dreadful ordeal for his hothouse flower.

"How are you getting on?" he asked with a sharp anxiety, which he vainly imagined did not betray itself in his voice.

She was getting on very well, only—only could not they get out?

Geoffrey looked round yet again in despair. Would it be possible to edge a little to the left, to the right, anywhere? He looked in vain. A vague, undefined fear took hold on him. "We must have patience, little one," he said. "Lean on me, and be brave."

His voice was cheerful, but he felt a sudden horrible sinking of the heart. How should he ever get her out of this jostling, angry crowd before she was quite tired out? What mad folly it had been to think of walking home! Poor Geoffrey forgot that there had been no other way of getting home, and that even his mother-in-law could not hold him responsible for a disagreement between the soldiers and the citizens.

Another ten minutes! Geoffrey cursed within himself the illumination and the soldiers and his own folly, and the rough men and rougher women, whom, do what he would, he could not prevent pressing upon her.

She did not speak again for some time, only held fast by his arm. Suddenly her little hands tightened convulsively on it, and a face pale to the lips was raised to his.

"Geoffrey, I'm very sorry," with a half sob, "but I'm afraid I'm going to faint."

The words came like a blow, and drove the blood from his face. The vague, undefined fear had suddenly become a hideous reality. He steadied his voice and spoke quietly, almost sternly.

"Listen to me, Eva," he said. "Make an effort and attend, and do as I tell you. The crowd will move again in a moment. I see a movement in front already. Directly the move comes the press will loosen for an instant. I shall push in front of you and stoop down. You will instantly get on my back. I insist upon it. I will do my best to help you up, but I can't get hold of you in any other way. The faintness will pass off directly you are higher up and can get a breath of air. Now do you understand?"

She did not answer, but nodded.

There was a moment's pause, and the movement came. Geoffrey flung down his stick, drew his wife firmly behind him, and pressing suddenly with all his might upon those in front, made room to stoop down. Two nervous hands were laid on his coat. Good God! she hesitated. A moment more, and the crowd behind would force him down, and they would both be lost. "Quick! Quick!" he shouted; but before the words had left his lips the trembling arms were clasped convulsively round his neck, and with a supreme effort he was on

his legs again, shaking like a leaf with the long horror of that moment's suspense.

But the tight clasp of the hands round his neck, the burden on his strong shoulders, nerved him afresh. He felt all his vitality and resolution return tenfold. He could endure anything which he had to endure alone, now that horrible anxiety for her was over. He could no longer tell where he was. He was bent too much to endeavor to do anything except keep on his feet. A long wait! Would the crowd never disperse? Moving, stopping, pushing, pressing, stopping again. Another pause, which seemed as if it would never end. A contrary motion now, and he had no room to turn! No. Thank Heaven! A tremor through the crowd, and then a fierce snarl and a rush. A violent push from behind. A plunge. Down on one knee. Good God! A blow on the mouth from some one's elbow. A wild struggle. A foot on his hand. Another blow. Up again. Up only to strike his foot against a curbstone, and to throw all his weight away from a sudden pool of water on his left, into which he is being edged.

The great drops are on his brow, and his breath comes short and thick. He staggers again. The weight on him and his fall are beginning to tell. But as his strength wanes a dogged determination takes its place. He steels his nerves and pulls himself together. It is only a question of time. He will and must hold out. His whole soul is centred on one thing, to keep his feet. Once down—and—he clinches his teeth. He will not suffer himself to think. He is bruised and aching in every limb with the friction of the crowd. Drums begin to beat in his temples, and his mouth is bleeding. There is a mist of blood and dust before his eyes. But he holds on with the fierce energy of despair. Another push. God in Heaven! almost down again! He can see nothing. A frantic struggle

in the dark. The arms round his neck tremble, and he hears a sharp-drawn gasp of terror. Hands from out of the darkness clutch him up, and he regains his footing once more. "Courage, Monsieur," says a kind voice, and the hands are swept out of his. He tries to move his lips in thanks, but no words come. There is a noise in the crowd, but it is as a feeble murmur to the roar and sweep and tumult of many waters that is sounding in his ears. He cannot last much longer now. He is spent. But the crowd is thinning. If he can only keep his feet a few minutes more! The crowd is thinning. He catches a glimpse of ground in front of him. But it sways before him like the waves of the sea. One moment more. He stumbles aside when he feels there is space about him.

There is a sudden hush and absence of pressure. *He is out of the crowd.* He is faintly conscious that the tramp of many feet is passing but not following him. The pavement suddenly rises up and strikes him down upon it. He cannot rise again. But it matters little, it matters little. It is all over. The fight is won, and she is safe. He tries to lift his leaden hand to unloose the locked fingers that hurt his neck. At his touch they unclasp, trembling. She has not fainted then. He almost thought she had. He raises himself on his elbow, and tries to wipe the red mist from his eyes that he may see her the more clearly. She slips to the ground, and he draws her to him with his nerveless arms. The street lamps gleam dull and yellow in the first wan light of dawn, and as his haggard eyes look into hers, her face becomes clear even to his darkening vision—and—*it is another woman!* Another woman! A poor creature with a tawdry hat and paint upon her cheek, who tries to laugh, and then, dimly conscious of the sudden agony of the gray, blood-stained face, whimpers

for mercy, and limps away into a doorway, to shiver and hide her worn face from the growing light.

It was one of the English acquaintances of the night before who found him later in the day, still seeking, still wandering from street to street.

His old friend Langton came to him and took him away from the hotel to his own house. Alphonse wept, and the *concierge* could not restrain a tear.

"And have they found her yet?" asked Mrs. Langton that night of her husband when he came in late.

His face was very white.

"Yes," he said, and turned his head away. "I've been to—I've seen—no one could have told—you would not have known who it was. And all her little things, her watch and rings—they were all gone. But the maid knew by the dress. And—and I wanted to save a lock of hair, but"—his voice broke down—"So I got one of the little gloves for him. It was the only thing I could."

He pulled out a half-worn tan glove, cut and dusty with the tramp of many feet, which the new wedding ring had worn ever so slightly on the third finger. He laid it reverently on the table and hid his face in his hands.

"If he could only break down," he said at last. "He sits and sits, and never speaks or looks up."

"Take him the little glove," said his wife softly. And Langton took it.

The sharpness of death had cut too deep for tears, but Geoffrey kept the little glove, and—he has it still.

THE END



ANOTHER DEEP ROAD, AND A SUDDEN RUSH FROM BEHIND . . . HOW THE PEOPLE PUSHED AND ELBOWED!



THE EASTER

DRAWN BY HENRY



STER PARADE

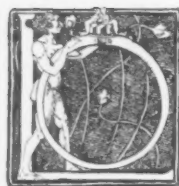
N BY HENRY HUTT



A DRIVE IN THE PARK

By ALICE DUER MILLER

ILLUSTRATED BY H. C. CHRISTY



NOT THINKING the matter over I have been accustomed to lay the blame upon my English clothes. Every one knows that if you happen to be in London it is the merest economy to get a few things there, yet there is something about a well-built English coat that gives to its wearer a striking air of prosperity, especially if the tailor is truthful when he says, as I suppose he always does, that he "never 'opes

to fit a finer figger than yours, sir." An air of prosperity sat as a lie upon me. My name is Noel Ferrier, and I come of good old Creole family, who, like many another of its own sort, has very little to bless itself with but an honorable name. As soon as I had finished a course in law at a Southern university, I came to New York to take my bar examinations, and, this feat successfully accomplished, I was surprised and touched by a suggestion from my father that I should take a brief holiday abroad before settling down to the eternal grind which the future held for me.

So, in as moderate a way as possible, I started, but I had gone no further than London when I was recalled by a cable. My father had secured for me a very unimportant position in a very important firm of New York lawyers, and it was necessary that I should return at once to seize the opportunity.

I had been at work for several weeks, and still knew no one outside the office, and by no means every one in it, when one morning in Wall Street I was accosted by a cheerful young gentleman—New Yorker, and well-to-do New Yorker to his backbone—who said with great heartiness:

"Bless my soul, Lew, I'm uncommonly glad to see you. I heard you were back."

He was so cordial that I had not the heart to intimate that for all I knew "Lew" might still be in Kamchatka, so I answered non-committally: "Oh, yes, here I am," and attempted to pass on, but he took my arm.

"Dine with me at the club to-night," he said. "I want to hear what you have been up to. Somehow I fancy your trip

has changed you. You don't look quite the same, and I don't wonder! Such tales, my dear fellow, such lurid tales of your doings! What was that anecdote I heard about Paris? And Monte Carlo, my boy, my boy, that Monte Carlo incident . . ."

Now nothing in my innocent trip could have given rise to "lurid" history, nor had I visited either of the places he mentioned, but I flatter myself I achieved a look of eluding wickedness as I replied:

"Oh, well, you mustn't believe all you hear. And, after all, a bachelor abroad—"

"A bachelor! I like that!" he returned.

I saw instantly that Lew had entered the Holy State, and replied at a venture:

"I mean temporarily."

"This is where I belong," he said, waving his hand to an enormous pile, into which and out of which hundreds of people were hurrying like ants. I breathed a sigh of relief. "Shall I see you to-night?" he said.

I regretted that I had an engagement for that evening, but ended, I believe, by promising to call him up on the 'phone the first time I found myself free. He seemed, I noted grimly, to credit me with an indefinite number of invitations.

The incident came back to me every now and then. He was such a nice boy. I wondered what would happen if I met him again, and considered whether I had not been a fool, in my somewhat dreary situation, not to accept his invitation and take the chance of making a friend or an enemy of him.

Not even then did the fact dawn upon me that in the irregular "Lew" I possessed a double.

One Saturday afternoon, some weeks later, I was walking up town. It was four o'clock of a mild April afternoon. The park, to which I prolonged my stroll, was just beginning to turn every sort of green. Every one who was so fortunate as to be able to own, borrow or hire a vehicle was driving. The footmen were out in their new tops and breeches. I took a seat on a bench near the drive, and watched the passing show.

My attention was presently attracted by a victoria, drawn by a pair of large handsome gray horses. The men's liveries were brown. The appointments were extremely simple and good.

I was so taken up with the trap and the horses, which had a splendid, free, settled-down-to-business way of getting over the ground, that I did not notice the occupant when she first passed. A few seconds later, however, the carriage turned and drove by very slowly, and I saw it contained a woman no longer very young, but still unusually handsome, who created that rare effect, the impression of being, without the slightest effort on her part, a very great lady indeed.

She seemed to be looking intently at me, an appearance that I attributed to the aberrations of my own imagination, until the carriage stopped a few yards away, and the next instant the footman was touching his hat to me, and saying: "Mrs. Stannard would be glad if you would speak with her a moment, sir."

Need it be told that I leaped to my feet.

"Ah, Mr. Lacy," she said, holding out her hand with an air of charming graciousness. "You didn't remember me, though it isn't so very long since you dined at my house, but I knew you the moment I saw you. The truth is," she added, "that I want to have a talk with you, though you will probably only think me an interfering old woman for my pains." I wanted to say that with all the privileges of youth she scarcely needed to claim those of old age, but I replied with something vague and polite about not thinking her impertinent whatever she said. To this she answered:

"Will you come and take tea with me some afternoon, then? To-morrow, or no, that is Sunday, and I go to the country with my husband. Shall we say Monday, or"—with a sudden idea—"will you get in and take a turn with me, and then if you find me unbearable you can just get out?"

To my credit it should be recorded that I hesitated, but when she said, "Please do, Mr. Lacy"; when I looked at the grays, who were quite as handsome standing still as in motion, I firmly replaced my hat upon my head and entered the victoria.

"Round the Drive, Frederick," she said to the footman, and for several minutes we drove in silence. She, I could see out of the corner of my eye, was calmly considering the thing she wanted to say to me, while I gave myself up to enjoying myself. "I wonder who I am," I thought, but with



SHE, I COULD SEE OUT OF THE CORNER OF MY EYE, WAS CALMLY CONSIDERING THE THING SHE WANTED TO SAY

out letting the uncertainty depress. Who ever he was, I seemed to be more respect-able than the gentleman I represented, if I were still the "Lew" of Paris and Monte Carlo fame.

At last she turned to me and said impulsively:

"Forgive me, but have you seen your wife since your return?"

There was no difficulty in my answering with perfect truth:

"Frankly, my dear madam, I have not."

At this she looked very sad. "I don't think you are behaving well," she said with a sigh. The same idea had occurred to me, but feeling that I ought to do my best for the absent, I said pleadingly:

"Is the fault ever all on one side?" a question that struck me as peculiarly safe.

"I suppose not," answered my companion, whose conversation was punctuated by recog-nitions of her acquaintances, whose names, if I ever read the society columns of the papers, I do not doubt would have been familiar to me as belonging to those who sit in high places.

"And yet—" she went on. "Well, though I love your wife almost like a daughter, Mr. Lacy, I try to judge the matter perfectly fair. It is because I am sure I have a juster knowledge of the situation than you can have that I have asked you to drive with me to-day. Believe me," she added with her grand air, "I appreciate your generosity in receiving my interference so patiently."

I waved my hand, protesting without hypoc-ri-sy that I was conscious of no interference, and she continued:

"I have a theory about the whole affair, which you must let me tell you. I have a great many theories, and you would be sur-prised to know how often I am right. I think you fell in love with Sylvia for her pretty face and gentle little ways, thinking of her, if I must be plain, as a very charming doll. There, don't interrupt me! I will give you your turn by and by." (I wouldn't have interrupted her for a kingdom.) "You always had, I suspect, though I don't know, a taste for the doll-like in women. It seemed to you all that it was necessary for a charming woman to be, and so you quite overlooked the fact that Sylvia is a particularly clever and able young person. I say you overlooked, but the truth is that a woman feels unconsciously the thing a man wants her to be, and she is only too apt to set to work to be, or, at least to pre-tend to be, whatever the man she loves wants. It is partly instinctive, and partly cowardly. Now Sylvia, being intelligent, probably said to herself at once: 'If he likes dolls with pretty ways, I flatter myself I can do that sort of thing about as well as any one else.'"

I nodded reflectively. "So she can," I said. I began to feel an interest in Sylvia, and to be sure that I should understand her much better than Lacy, who, I saw, must be a dull person, without the faintest notion of how such a woman should be treated.

"Very likely, therefore," Mrs. Stannard went on, "as far as you ever saw she was just a delightful toy. And so you married her and brought her to this great alien city, and you gave her everything she could wish, and all your friends admired her; and then—what shall we say?—the first excitement wore off, as it will wear off even the loveliest dolls, and a man invited you to go shooting in the West, and after not so very much persuasion, I suspect, you went."

"I'm so fond of shooting," I put in humbly. The lady looked at me severely. "Fonder of it than of your wife," she said, "as every one took pains to say. Did you never con-sider what a position you left her in?"

I took a chance, bravely. "She didn't seem to mind my going," I said.

"And could anything show her feelings more plainly? If she had not minded she would have been careful to make a great do- about it; but your wife, Mr. Lacy, as I have said before, is a clever woman, and so I do not doubt she made your going as easy as possible. Oh, I know what you are going to say"—(This was so fortunate, because I had not the least idea)—"that you gave her di-amonds and horses and carriages, and every-thing to delight the heart of woman; but, you see, she did not care a snap of her fingers for them." (I thought this foolish of Sylvia, for they sounded rather splendid.) "She was unfortunately, according to my theory, still in love with you—not that she ever told me so—and she felt the humiliation of your desertion—"

"Desertion, my dear lady," I murmured in expostulation. "A few weeks—"

"Desertion," she replied firmly. "She was, of course, unusually admired, as you know, but what perhaps you don't know is that Reginald Vail never came once to the house while you were away. He only appeared after you returned. She merely tried the experiment—I don't defend her conduct—of haunting him in your face in the final hope of eliciting some spark of feeling from you, and when she did not get it—"

"I should never insult my wife by being jealous," I interrupted. It was really won-derful how near I was able to stick to the truth.

"It would have been more to the purpose if you had not insulted her by going away," answered Mrs. Stannard, attempting to look

sternly at me and bow pleasantly to a friend at the same instant. "She had plenty of time in the 'few weeks' of which you speak so lightly to realize how much was meant by your willingness to leave her so soon. She is proud, Mr. Lacy, and yet nevertheless she made one effort—not very judicious perhaps—to rouse you to your old attitude, and when that failed she made you, I suppose, the scene that ended in her going back to her mother, and starting off like a whirlwind for Europe."

She paused. I looked thoughtful.

"That," she said, "is my idea of the case. You need not tell me whether it is right or wrong, according to your views. What I am convinced of is that you might both begin all over again on a surer foundation, if she would give up being a doll and become her own charming clever self, and if you—"

"Well," said I, "what is there for me to do?"

"Nothing very difficult," she returned, "if you once realize the sort of woman your wife really is."

With this sentence we were again in sight of Fifty-ninth Street, where it had been agreed I was to be set down, as Mrs. Stan-nard was due uptown later. Our dialogue had not progressed quite as rapidly as I have here represented it.

"I know," my companion continued gravely, "that she wouldn't meet you if she could pos-sibly help it, so I am very disloyal to her when I suggest that you come to my house some afternoon when she is there. She often comes on and spends the night with me, and I will write you a line, and you can drop in, as if by accident, and I shall of course pretend to think it is by appointment with her, and—and you must do the rest." She rang the bell for the

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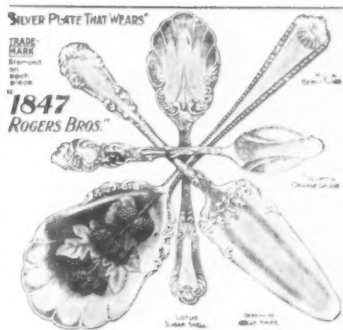
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But the girl in the rear, who was silent, got more.

"It is joy!" she said again. "Oh, the world is full of joy!"

The rickshaw in front turned into the Kibashi Dori. The girl in the one behind risked the dislocation of her neck watching it out of sight. Then, when there was no one to outrun, she made her coolies run!

Her Miss Aunt commended the glow in Miss Dawn-Dream's cheeks.

"Was it not exquisite?" she asked.

"Yes."

"Always it is."

"Yes."

"If one did not have to go alone!"

Then Miss Dawn-Dream woke up and laughed.

"What do you angustly dream of?"

"A month."

Such a reply! Her aunt stared.

"It is such a very long time—a month."

"Yes."

"A day is shorter."

Again her aunt stared.

Again Miss Dawn-Dream remembered and laughed.

"It was exquisite—it was!"

Well—it was.

THE END

GREAT LITTLE HOLLAND

(SEE PAGE 13)

DUKE HENRY of Mecklenburg-Schwerin, in taking Queen Wilhelmina to wife, has married into a fine family—the noble race of Orange.

Before separating from Belgium, Holland and that country went under the joint name of the Netherlands, which name was retained by the modern kingdom at present ruled over by Queen Wilhelmina. And how wonderful is the prosperity of her minute domain, which is only a quarter as large as the State of New York and has a population not exceeding that of London! Holland does more foreign business than any country excepting England, the United States, Germany, and France. Her added imports and exports are greater than those of Italy, or Austria, or even gigantic Russia. There is more internal trading, per head of the population, in Holland than anywhere, excepting in America. Real estate is more valuable than in England, and the average of wealth higher than in Germany. Yet in manufactures the Netherlands stand behind Spain and Scandinavia, and very far behind Belgium. For Holland is without natural resources of coal and iron; she has, in fact, no mineral wealth whatever. A considerable part of her area is swamp and moor, leaving little more than three-fifths available for agriculture. The regions devoted to that purpose are of superior fecundity to any in Europe. Large tracts lying below the level of the sea were regained by centuries of labor, and others were too low to be drained in the usual way. A system, still extending, of canals and embankments was therefore inaugurated. The country is now threaded by interminable miles of canal, and everywhere may be seen cornfields and squares of pasturage blocked in by dikes, or *polders*, and provided with pumping machines. Instead of handing the industry and thrift of the Dutch people, and seeking reasons for their satisfaction with the flattest, dreariest, ugliest spot on earth, we will remark that they do not emigrate. Only one in one thousand of the population go, and remain abroad; and of these nearly all come to the United States. If an outlet were needed for capital and enterprise, there are the East Indian colonies of Java, Sumatra, Borneo and Celebes. In the East Indian archipelago Queen Wilhelmina holds sway over thirty-five millions of subjects, whose activity in the salt, opium and tobacco industries, but especially in coffee culture, brings prosperity and content to themselves and enrichment to the merchants and shipowners of the mother country. Great little Holland's present claim to distinction among the nations rests, we see, in her commercial pre-eminence. What has the fact of her being a free trading country, with "a tariff for revenue only," to do with the case?

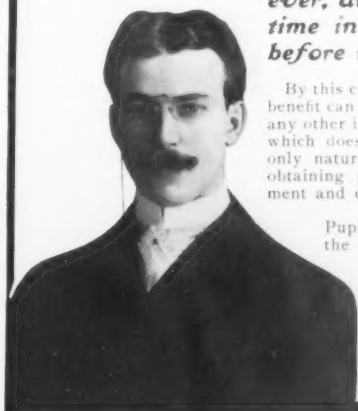
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FROM A WOMAN'S VIEWPOINT

EDITED BY MARGARET E. SANGSTER

EASTER SUNSHINE

WITH THE RETURN of Easter, the last vestige of the winter fades, and town and country alike bask in the sunshine of spring. Town even more than country puts on a gala dress and wears a festal aspect in the early April days which this year usher in the rejoicing of Easter Sunday. Music, flowers, gaiety, hope, all belong to Easter, which indeed hark back to a period of dim antiquity, for antedating the Christian era. Our remote Pagan ancestors greeted the coming of spring, after the rigors of a winter, with a blissful and even more solemn, with processions, garlands, and sacrificial rites. When the old gods fell, and Paganism waned, the people of Christianity with rare wisdom adopted the beautiful festival of Easter, and hallowed it to nobler uses. With us it celebrates the resurrection of our blessed Lord, embodying the philosophy of the old and the religion of the new; it is the everlasting symbol of life, victorious over death and decay, asserting its unending supremacy, and springing up from darkness and imprisonment to radiance and freedom. A little while ago

the forests lifted bare branches to the sky. Now, they are clothed again with rustling leaves, and their silent aisles are flooded with melody, robes floating from the treetops, thrushes warbling, catbirds singing in an ecstasy of happiness, and everywhere the building of the nest, and the joy of the mating. The land will be white and pink in the bloom of its orchards, and its velvet pastures will ripple with verdure, while Nature, in her myriad forms, shall once again celebrate the Easter-tide—replete with pomp and pageant and bestowal of the gifts which evermore she showers upon the children of men.

In our churches we shall uplift chorals of magnificent praise, but the anthems of the ocean and the mountains will be more glorious at Easter than any we can raise.

EASTER GIFTS

THERE must be a desire for generosity in the ordinary mind, or every possible occasion would not so eagerly be seized upon as a peg on which to hang gifts. We have hardly recovered from the profusion of Christmas, a season which means uncounted strain for many pocket-books, but we hail with acclamation another chance to send presents to our friends, and to fill the hearts of the children to the brim with surprise and excitement over new possessions. Among the gifts appropriate to Easter, nothing ranks higher than a prayer-book, elegantly bound and of a size and shape convenient to the hand. Women like to carry prayer-books to church, and equally they wish their devotional manuals for use at home in the quiet hour of thought and worship to be sumptuous and exquisite. In the little shrine which a girl keeps in her own room, or the corner to which a mother resorts for communion with the Divine Helper, one sees daintily and delicately appointed books, or it may be sacred and tenderly cherished pictures and devices. The Romanist loves her rosary, carved and fragrant, brought to her from the Eternal City, and blessed by the Holy Father, and many a Protestant maiden elaps the golden cross on her chaste and finds in the contact a certain strength and comfort, from its sharp outline and its sublime self-ab-

negation. One must always object to giving crosses, rosaries, prayer-books and similar tokens of love to those who have no heart to prize their peculiar associations. They are not for the frivolous, nor for the scorner. They are fit only for those who look up in faith and aspiration to the power beyond and above us, which guides our footsteps through the marshing days.

Any beautiful curio or costly bit of lace, or shining gem, is as appropriate a gift at Easter as at any other time. Flowers take precedence of most tributes of affection, because of their beauty and fragrance, their meaning so much that we know not how to put into words, and their transient quality. When you send a plant or a flower, you are bestowing on your friend a present joy, but you are not burdening her with a thing which she must dust and pack and preserve from injury, and struggle to harmonize with her Lares and Penates. The flower pleases her to-day and to-morrow, and then its mission is over.

At Easter there is an especial grace in remembering with cheer and sweetness our suffering and our bereaved friends. The sick in hospitals and in our homes, the aged, the desolate may now be made to feel the warmth of human sympathy and the happiness of being forgotten.

Everywhere we may discover, if we seek, the person in need of some courage, some administration, some spiritual renovation, and the intangible assistance, which may outlast a perishing gift, is a thousand times the most precious. The orphan, the shut-in, the prisoner, the child of want and misfortune, may well be the object of solicitude and of compassion in the Easter overflow of kindly thought. Those who must send their gifts by proxy can employ an almoner, and let the settlement of the guild or the city missionary disburse their alms. Only let sentiment be somehow transmuted into practical charity at this golden hour of the budding spring.

EASTER HATS AND GOWNS

THE familiar rule of something new and something blue for the bride is not more rigid than the unwritten regulation which makes a change of raiment desirable at Easter. The brides of April will of course be gowned in garments white and glistening, and the summer trousseau is no whit inferior in splendor to that of the autumn, but the climatic necessities now do away with heavy coats and cloaks, and with the fabrics we found luxurious not long ago. So the promenade presents a spectacle of charming lightness, men and women alike wearing their finest toilets on Easter Sunday, and the effect of the whole being impressive and indicative of widespread prosperity.

Our Colonial Dames and Revolutionary Daughters need not fancy that they exceed in richness or variety of attire the women who went before them. Velvets and brocades, embroideries and laces, were the fitting costumes of the dignified matron of Washington's day, and the creamy mulls and soft India silks of the girls who danced men's hearts away at the earliest balls and routs of the new nation, when independence was scarcely established, would move the envy of our twentieth century maid, and in all probability, would exceed the glory of modern attire.




A ROYAL LOVER OF THE LILY—HOW PRINCESS MARIE OF ROUMANIA APPEARED IN COSTUME AT A FANCY-DRESS BALL GIVEN AT THE COURT OF BUCHAREST. THE PRINCESS, A MEMBER OF THE HOUSE OF SAKO-COBURG-GOTHA, WILL ONE DAY GRACE THE THRONE OF ROUMANIA, SINCE HER HUSBAND, PRINCE FERDINAND VICTOR, IS THE CONSTITUTIONAL APPOINTEE DESTINED TO SUCCEED HIS UNCLE, KING CHARLES I.

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THE CRADLE OF THE EASTER LILY

EVERY florist's shop is a brilliant spectacle just now, and after months of the most sedulous cultivation, azaleas, carnations, roses, daffodils, hyacinths and sumptuous flowers of superb coloring and lavish fragrance will be ready, after the solemnity of Good Friday is over, to go to church and altar and make the Easter gladness greater. But the sunny home, the cradle of the Easter lily, is in Bermuda, and the surroundings there form an appropriate setting for its bloom. The Bermuda Islands rise out of the rough turbulence of the sea like morning stars, and who that has ever been there can forget that vivid light and lovely color, and the joy it was, after the choppy and uncomfortable voyage, to land in that desired haven?

Waters in the harbors glisten blue and green like melting opals, where tropical plants overhang the high, whitewashed stone walls and partly conceal the small white and terra-cotta houses that peep out from their depths. Here it is that the Easter lily is planted and cultivated for the American market.

Each inhabitant of the islands has his garden of lilies, however small his plot of ground, but many own farms many acres in extent, which are entirely given over to this industry. The climate of the islands is an especially happy one for raising these lilies, for no frosts enter the gardens and snows are unknown. It has been called the land of eternal spring. Warm breezes blow from month to month, and even from the gales, springing from the dark waters, are the flowers sheltered by the thick foliage of the banana and oleanders, which grow in profusion. Some of the farms are devoted entirely to the cultivation of lilies. On these the bulbs are planted in September and October, and carefully watched to prevent the plants bringing forth their blossoms—for they are literally "nipped in the bud"—until the proper state for transplanting. The bulbs thus cared for are strong and sturdy, rarely failing to give a plentiful yield when transplanted to our American climate. They are prolific, too, spreading and multiplying with astonishing rapidity when well cared for. The bulbs can be used again, the gardener will tell you—"just wrap them up and let them rest a month or so, and they are ready for use again." Another and perhaps their greatest beauty is the luxuriousness of bloom common to this species. Stalks commonly hold from thirty to ninety blossoms, while a few have carried as many as a hundred and twenty-five or fifty, taxing their strength to the utmost, and requiring the support of stays and props to prevent their breaking under the great burden of wealth.

On such farms where the flowers are allowed to blossom the bulbs are planted a little later in the season than those on the bulb farms, probably in November. By March they have reached a state of perfection—great snowy acres of waxy blooms, full-blown and half-blown, rearing their sweet heads in proud consciousness of their loveliness, only to fall helpless under the great shears of the gatherers. Two weeks before Easter they are clipped and stowed away in great wooden boxes, carefully packed to prevent crushing or damage, and then shipped away from their sunny little isles to the colder shores and less sunny skies of our great cities. They bring with them a breath of their tropics, and their very purity and sweetness is symbolic of the Purity, Joy and Gladness of that day of which they are the emblem, and their message from their little isles to us is, "Peace on Earth, Good-will to Men."

VIRGINIA W. FRAME.

A RESURRECTION WORD

Fallen and broken in the garden tomb
Our Lord was laid, and shades of midnight gloom
Fell thickly o'er the place, where soldiers kept
Their watchful guard, the while our great Lord slept.

Lo! in the roscate trembling break of day,
Strong angels sought the bed whereon He lay,
A song of Heaven awoke Him, and He stirred,
To waken flower and star and leaf and bird;
Forth from the crypt He stepped, no more to die,
Lord of the living, both in earth and sky,
Angels, who rolled away that mighty stone,
Prison of Him, for aye who rules alone,
Aye, as we sleep in darkness, ye shall break
Our death-strong fetters, for our great Lord's sake.

TO CONTRIBUTORS

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THE ETERNAL CITY

By HALL CAINE *Author of "The Decemster," "The Manxman," "The Christian," Etc.*

ILLUSTRATED BY A. B. WENZELL

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS

Prince Volonna, an exiled Italian living in London, adopts a boy compatriot, whom twenty years later we see in Rome as David Rossi, the noted anarchist politician. The Prince's daughter, Roma, is residing there also, and scandal connects her name with that of Baron Bonanno, Prime Minister of Italy. Rossi gives Roma offence in a public speech. She, to avenge herself, with Bonanno's assistance attempts to get him enmeshed in a false conspiracy. He repudiates the agent sent to decoy him, and subsequently becoming acquainted with Roma, wins her regard by his manly conduct; the consequence being that she relents and tries to dissuade the Baron from continuing the intrigue. On a hunt in the Campagna the young people confess having previously recognized one another. Roma is now still more anxious to save the anarchist, but Bonanno claims to have obtained genuine evidence against Rossi, proving him a political proscriber with a fictitious name. The lady, wishing to warn Rossi of his danger, asks him by letter to meet her. He answers that they must separate, since he owes his time to public interests, and besides, another obstacle exists between them.

II



DURING SOME HOURS of next day the sitting-room of David Rossi's apartment was in wild disorder. The old Garibaldian and his deaf wife were pushing the furniture into corners, and Elena and little Joseph were bringing chairs from the bedroom and kitchen. When they were finished there was a table at one end and a line of mixed chairs under the portraits that hung on the walls. The sitting-room was now ready for the meeting of the Committee of Direction.

They came at eight o'clock, thirty men of many nationalities. Strange figures, and as various as strange. Some well-dressed, some ill-dressed, some that looked like journalists, professors, advocates and members of Parliament, and others that looked like tailors and locksmiths.

Bruno received them in his shirt-sleeves, smoking a long cigar with a straw through it, conscious of a certain austerity of atmosphere among them, but laughing and joking and trying to take things lightly.

"Good-evening, sir! Cold to-night, isn't it? The Honorable will be here presently. Just received the King's speech, and polishing it off for the paper! Working like wildfire, I can tell you. That's all right, you know. Who doesn't burn himself can't expect to light others. . . . Hello! Come in, someone! Where did the cloak come from? Fire at a monastery somewhere? Take care! The habit doesn't make the monk, you know! Now, the Honorable never feels the cold. He is in there without a fire, like a monk in a cell. Well, the General must do something or the soldier wants to know why."

It was a vain effort. The company came in silently, almost motionless, looking at each other and at the portraits with a vague and listless stare. For some minutes they stood in the middle of the floor and there was some suppressed whispering. When some one sneezed there was silence in a moment. Clearly the air was full of trouble.

Bruno's loud laugh had ceased to rock through the room, he had put out his cigar, pulled on his coat, and was beginning to perspire on his forehead, when the door of the bedroom opened and David Rossi came out.

The Deputy looked calm and self-confident, and, walking into the midst of the men with a deliberate stride, he shook hands with all of them. They responded coldly, in some cases laughingly, and looked sour and dissatisfied. One or two of them bit their lips at him with undisguised severity, and others tried to avoid his gaze. He took his seat at the head of the table and called on them to take their places.

The first business was the reading of the report of the proceedings since the previous meeting. The Secretary was Luigi Conti, the man who had read the proclamation on the day of the Pope's Jubilee. He was a short, stiff-set man, with a choleric face, a thick neck and a shrill voice. His minutes were few and brief. The "Creed and Charter" as drawn up by the President had been sent out broadcast. The response from all over Europe had been great and the subscriptions had gone up tenfold.

"That's all there is to report," said Luigi, closing his book with a noisy clasp. "And now," he said, in a tone of antagonism, "the Committee is waiting for information and direction. The President is the official head of our democracy and we look to him for guidance. On the day we started

our association we were told that the Republic of Man was to be a reality, not a dream, watching Parliaments, discussing measures, taking up the defence of innocent prisoners, demanding justice for the oppressed and legislation for the weak and downtrodden. That was a month ago, and meanwhile we have done nothing. Perhaps the President will tell us why."

The Secretary wagged his head over his thick neck and sat down amid murmurs of approval. David Rossi rose in silence.

"Gentlemen," he said, "before we go any further it seems necessary to clear the ground. The report says that our Creed and Charter has had a response all over Europe and the subscriptions to our international association have gone up tenfold. Let us be sure that no part of this result has been due to a misconception of our motive. I should not feel myself to be an honest man if I used any one's name, or any one's money, while there is the least possibility of error. So I have written something that there may be no uncertainty, and I shall print it that there may be no mistake."

With that he took out his oblong notebook, and, amid a watchful silence, began to read:

"What our Creed and Charter does not imply.

"It does not imply that the whole structure of existing society is wrong and wicked.

"It does not imply that by violence of any kind we must abolish kings, armies, national barriers, individual ownership in land and individual control of wealth.

"It does not imply that we should reduce the world to a condition in which it would be without towns, monarchy, books, newspapers, universities, armies and governments.

"It does not imply that we may remedy the evils of the moral world by carrying civilization back to barbarism.

"It does not imply that the whole life of the world has been wrong and false for six thousand years.

"It does not imply that during all this time there has been no God governing the world to good ends."

The watchful silence was broken by some murmurs of dissent, and David Rossi raised his head from his notebook.

"It was necessary to say so much for the benefit of our friends," he said, "seeing that some of them seem to have supposed that we intended to create a new heaven and a new earth. And now let us say something for the benefit of our enemies."

With that he turned to the notebook again, and the silence became icy.

"What our Charter does imply.

"It does imply that there is a God who rules the world in justice.

"That natural law is unceasingly bringing order out of chaos, harmony out of discord, unity out of division, and peace out of strife."

"That everything that has befallen the world has been made to contribute to its ultimate good.

"That in due course, under the operation of natural law, many of the remaining evils of the moral world will be wiped out.

"That national barriers will be broken down.

"That that will become impracticable.

"That individual ownership of the soil of the earth will become impossible.

"That individual control of capital will become unprofitable.

"That arrogated authority will end.

"That kings will cease to exist.

"That men will live like brothers without distinction of race or nationality.

"That all men will have daily bread.

"And that this will come to pass in the near or the distant future in obedience to natural law, because it is God's will, God's justice, because God is good, because God is love."

Again the silence was broken by murmurs of dissent, and once more David Rossi raised his head.

"It was necessary to say so much for the benefit of our enemies, gentlemen," he said, "that they may see that it is not revolution but evolution we look to as a means by which all things are to work out well. And if they say that that being so our association is only a dream, an idea, we will show them that it has its practical side as well."

So saying he turned to his notebook and read a third time.

"How can we help on the principles of our Creed and Charter?

"By praying the Lord's Prayer.

"By protesting when its precepts are violated.

"By protesting against all war.

"By protesting in whatsoever way is possible against taking up arms as a soldier.

"By protesting against oaths of allegiance to kings and princes.

"By protesting against all laws which give individual ownership in the land which belongs to all.

"And by suffering for such protests when called upon to do so."

The murmurs of dissent were now louder than before, but David Rossi continued to ignore them.

"That is the meaning of our Creed and Charter, gentlemen," he said, in a calm but firm voice, "and it was necessary to say so in order that friends and enemies alike may know that it is a democracy we aim at, not a democracy, an Arcadia, if you will, but not an anarchy. And if they ask us when our Republic of Man is to come to practical

results, we say when the world is ready for it, and in proportion as the world is prepared for it, until first here and then there, as this or that country is ripe for it, it governs the powers that govern the world."

At this there were shouts of "Oh!" and some derisive laughter, but David Rossi went on with imperturbable serenity.

"In that grand result, gentlemen," he said, "Rome has a place assigned to her. She is the Eternal City. Her immortality is a mystery. Other cities decay and die down when their work is done. Rome alone remains through all ages and civilizations. Once she was the Capital of a Pagan Republic. The Republic fell and she became the Capital of an Empire. The Empire fell and she became the Capital of Christendom. Now she is the Capital of Italy—a passing phase. Her destiny is to be the Capital of the world's great congress—the court of the Republic of Man."

David Rossi had hardly sat down when half a dozen of the Committee had risen to their feet.

"Luigi has the word," said Rossi, and with a white and twitching face the Secretary began to speak.

"We know now why we have done nothing during the past month," he said. "It is because, according to the view of our President, there is nothing to do. Since our last meeting he has whittled away our object until it has no practical force and value. Then we were told that when a government is destructive of the national rights of man it is man's duty to destroy it. Now we are told that natural law does everything. If that is so, what are we here for? What is the use of our association? Why do we grumble at the bread tax? And what is the good of holding the meeting in the Coliseum? But, if it isn't so, why is our President cutting our legs from under us, and whittling our objects away?"

"Why?" said another speaker. "Isn't it clear enough why? Because he is trying to run with the hare and hunt with the hounds. Because he is trying to make the interests of the people agree with the interests of their devoters. Time was when nobody saw so clearly the corruptions of governments and the iniquities of our social state. But society has got hold of him, new friends have intervened, he has sold his inheritance for a mess of pottage, and great houses and great people and theatres and fox-hunts and liveries of scarlet and gold have bought him body and soul."

"Let us be calm," said a third speaker—his own voice quivered and broke. His name was Malatesta; he was a member of Parliament, and a follower of David Rossi on the Left. "What have we lost by this month in which we have done nothing? The King's speech to-morrow will suggest an act for the control of the press, of the right of association and the right of public meeting. After the great response to our Creed and Charter we might have expected so much, and in a month we might have been prepared for it. We are not prepared, and what is the consequence? The country is in the hands of the government, and, thanks to the procrastination of our President, the Prime Minister may do as he pleases."

"Procrastination!" said a shrill voice. "It was Luigi again. His choleric face was white with passion. "Why shouldn't we speak plainly? I tell you what it is—the opportune moment is being lost, because our leader is afraid to act. And why is he afraid to act? Because he is an honest man and will not use any one's name or any one's money while there is any doubt about his objects? Bah! Shall I tell you why? Because he is in the hands of a woman! And who is this woman? The very woman he held up to scorn a month ago as an acid that was corrupting the public powers—the mistress of the Prime Minister! Ah, the truth is out at last, is it? Very well, take it, put it in your pipe and smoke it!"

The contagion of passion had infected everybody, and by this time the room was in a tumult. Men were shuffling to their feet. Bruno, who had been standing by the door, was getting round to the side of the table. Luigi was lashing up his anger with continued protests.

"Oh, he can't frighten me! I've told him the truth and he knows it."

David Rossi rose at last. He was the only man in the room who was calm and had control of himself.

"Brothers," he said, in measured accents, "when a man has undertaken a work for humanity he must be prepared to sink his private quarrels, and I sink this insult to myself."

"Thought as much," said Luigi, looking around with an air and laughing a shrill laugh of contempt.

"But," said Rossi, in the same measured accents, "I cannot allow this insult to a good and pure woman . . ."

Again Luigi laughed, and some of the others joined him.

"I say," said Rossi in a firm voice, "I cannot allow this insult to a good and pure woman to go unchallenged, and the man who made it must be told that he is a common slanderer."

"Liar!" cried Luigi, and then something unexpected happened. Bruno, after an inarticulate exclamation, was seen to move from the side of David Rossi's table, and before any one knew what had happened Luigi was in his arms, his legs were kicking in the air, and at the next moment his little fat body had fallen on the floor with a thud.

Then there was a great commotion, and in the midst of it David Rossi's voice, thick with anger, was ordering Bruno out of the room.

Bruno rolled out with his shaggy head down and his hands in his trousers pockets, like a schoolboy who has been whipped, while Rossi, white as a sheet, his breast heaving and his breath

coming quick, pushed through to where Luigi lay and picked him up.

"I'm ashamed," he said. "I wouldn't have had it for worlds. He shall be punished."

"Leave him alone, sir," said Luigi. "It was my own fault. I ask your pardon."

He was a different man in a moment, and some of the others came up to Rossi in silence and offered him their hands.

"Let us adjourn and meet again when we are more ourselves," said Rossi. "We should be fine leaders of a new age of brotherhood and peace if we began by a vulgar quarrel. Go home and God bless you!"

The men trooped out without a word more, and David Rossi turned into his bedroom. After a few moments a timid tap came to the door.

"Who's there?" he cried.

It was Elena with a letter.

"What's to do with Bruno?" she said. "He has gone to bed and I can't get a word out of him."

"He did wrong and I was compelled to reprove him."

"Poor Bruno! He would lay down his life for you, sir, but he is like a dog—he'll bark at a king, and when you speak back he is broken-hearted."

"Tell him I'm sorry and it's all over," said Rossi, and he took up the dagger paper-knife to open the letter.

Elena had scarcely left the room when her mother entered with a tray on which there was a dish of smoking macaroni.

"You've eaten no dinner to-night, my son, and I brought you this for your supper. Come now, put your books and letters out of your head and get something on your stomach. Do you think books can feed you? People say they can, but it's all nonsense. Take a book on an empty inside, and after you've held it up for two hours tell me if you have eaten enough. Books are not things for a Christian. Put them away, my son. . . . Not hungry, you say? Tell you what it is, you want a wife to manage you. If I was only a bit younger I would marry you myself and bring you to your senses. Come now, son, for charity's sake, a little of this good macaroni. . . . That's right! *Buona sera!*"

The letter was from Roma.

"MY DEAR D—: Your letter has thrown me into the wildest state of excitement and confusion. I have done no work all day long, and when Carlo has leaped upon me and cried, 'Come out for a walk, you dear, dear duncie,' I have hardly known whether he barked or talked.

"I am sorry our charming intercourse is to be interrupted, but you can't mean that it is to be broken off altogether. You can't, you can't, or my eyes would be red with crying instead of dancing with delight.

"Yet why they should dance I don't really know, seeing you are so indefinite and I have no right to understand anything. If you cannot write by post or even send messages by hand, if my man F. is your enemy and your housemate B. is mine, isn't that precisely the best reason why you should come and talk matters over? Come at once. I bid you come! In a matter of such inconceivable importance surely a sister has a right to command.

"In that character I suppose I ought to be glad of the news you give me. Well, I am glad! But being a daughter of Eve I have a right to be curious. I want to ask questions. You say I know the lady and am unhappily too deeply interested in her. Who is she? Does she know of your love for her? Is she beautiful? Is she charming? Give me one initial of her name—only one—and I will be good. I am so much in the dark, and I cannot commit myself until I know more.

"You speak of obstacles, and say they are decisive and insurmountable. That's terrible, but perhaps you are only thinking of what the poets call the 'cruel madness' of love, as if its madness and cruelty were a sufficient reason for flying away from it. Or perhaps the obstacles are those of circumstances, but in that case if the woman is the right one she will be willing to wait for such difficulties to be got over, or even to find her happiness in sharing them. Or perhaps—fearful thought—there are two women in question, and while love draws one way duty draws another. In that event I beg of you to weigh well what you are doing. Duty is a terrible

tyrant and has wrecked more lives than love itself. See how I plead for my unknown and invisible sister! Which is sweet and charming of me, considering that you don't tell me who she is, and leave me to find out if she is likely to suit me. But why not let me help you? Come at once and talk things over.

"Yet how vain I am! Even while I proffer assistance with so loud a voice I am smitten cold with the fear of an impediment which you know a thousand times better than I do how to measure and to meet. Perhaps the woman you speak of is unworthy of your friendship and love. I can understand that to be an insurmountable obstacle. You stand so high, and have to think about your work, your aims, your people. And perhaps it is only a dream and a

you will not come to me I may have to go to you in spite of every protest.

"To-morrow is the day for your opening of Parliament, and I have a ticket for the Court tribune, so you may expect to see me floating somewhere above you in an atmosphere of lace and perfume. Good-night! Your poor bewildered, blighted sister—R."

III

NEXT morning David Rossi put on evening dress in obedience to the etiquette of the opening day of Parliament. Before going to the ceremony he answered Roma's letter of the night before.

"DEAR R.—If anything could add to the bitterness of my regret at ending an intercourse which has brought me the happiest moments of my life it would be the tone of your sweet and charming letter. You ask me if the woman I love is beautiful. She is more than beautiful, she is lovely. Her soul shines in her face, and it is pure and true and noble. You ask me if she knows that I love her. I have never dared to disclose the secret of my heart to her, and if I could have believed that she had never so much as guessed at it, I should have found some consolation in a feeling which is too deep for the humiliations of pride. You ask me if she is worthy of my friendship and love. She is worthy of the love and friendship of a better man than I am or can ever hope to be. Yet even if she were not so, even if there were, as you say, a fault in her, who am I that I should judge her harshly? I am not one of those who think a woman is fallen because circumstances and evil men have conspired against her. I reject the monstrous theory that while a man can redeem the past a woman can never do so. I abhor the judgment of the world by which a woman may be punished because she is trying to be pure, and dragged down because she is rising from the dirt. And if she had sinned as I have sinned, and suffered as I have suffered, I would pray for strength enough to say, 'Because I love her we are one, and we stand or fall together.'

"But she is sweet and pure and true and brave and noble-hearted, and there is no fault in her, or she would not be the daughter of her father, who was the noblest, bravest, truest man I ever knew or ever expect to know. No, the root of the separation is in myself, in myself only, in my circumstances and the personal situation I find myself in. And yet it is difficult for me to state the obstacle which divides us, or to say more about it than that it is permanent and insurmountable. I should deceive myself if I tried to believe that time would remove or lessen it, and I have contended in vain with feelings which have tempted me to hold on at any price to the only joy and happiness of my life.

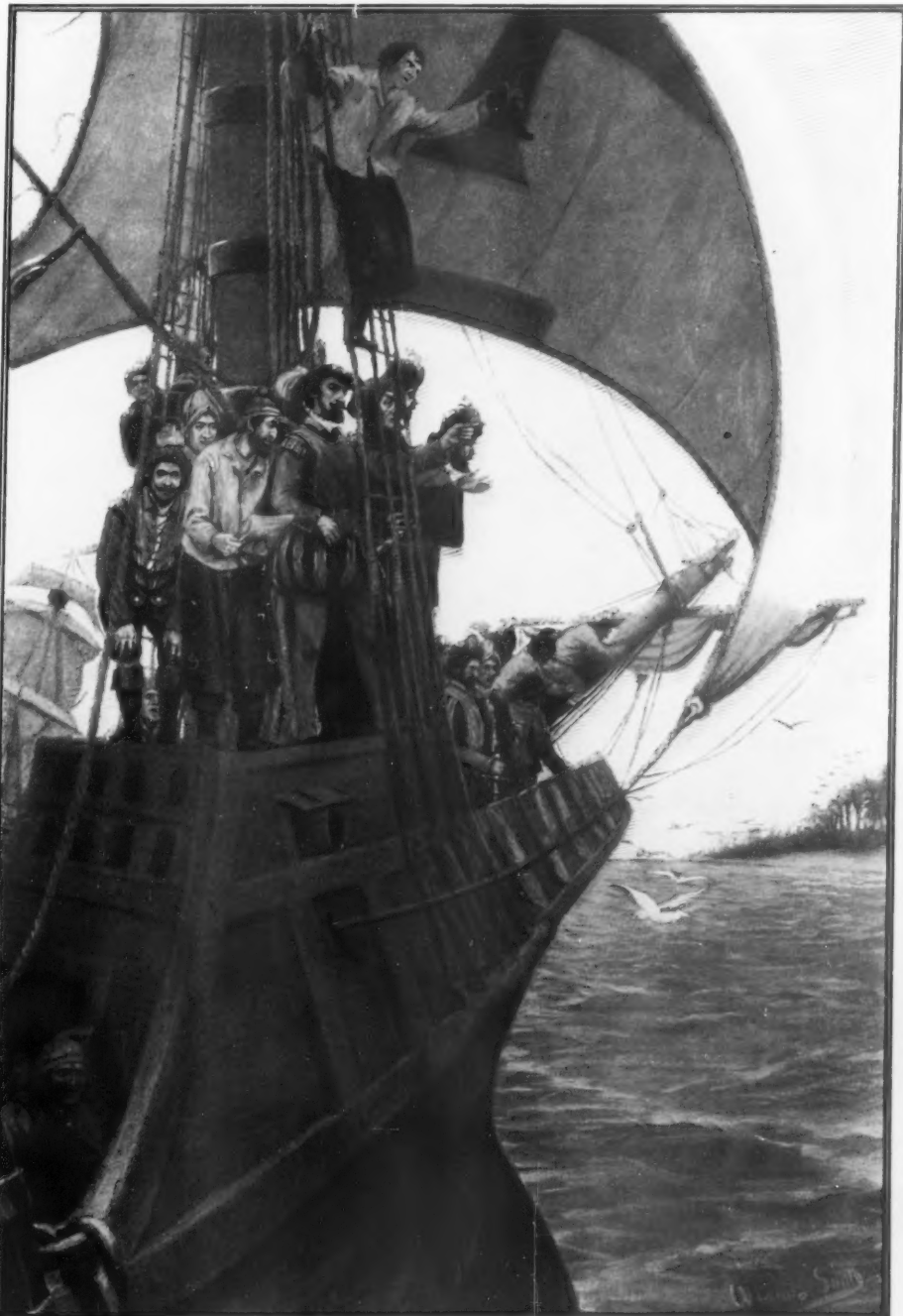
"To go to her and open my heart is impossible, for personal intercourse is precisely the peril I am trying to avoid. How weak I am in her sweet and charming company! Even when her dress touches me at passing I am thrilled with an emotion I cannot master, and when she lifts her large bright eyes to mine I am the slave of a passion which conquers all my will.

"No, it is not lightly and without cause that I have taken a step which sacrifices love to duty. I love her, with all my heart and soul and strength I love her, and that is why she and I, for her sake more than mine, should never meet again.

"I note what you say about the man M—: but you must forgive me if I cannot be much concerned about it. There is nobody in London who knows me in the character I now bear, and can link it to the one you are thinking of. Good-by again! God be with you and keep you always!—D."

Having written this letter, David Rossi sealed it carefully and posted it with his own hand on the way to the opening of Parliament.

The day was fine and the city was bright with many flags in honor of the King. His visit was to be to the hall of the Deputies, as the largest and most convenient of the legislative chambers. All the streets leading to it from the royal palace were lined with people. The square in front of the Parliament House was kept clear by a cordon of carabineers, but



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THE DISCOVERY OF FLORIDA ON EASTER SUNDAY—Ponce de Leon sailed from Porto Rico in March, 1513, with three caravels, bearing the authority of Charles V. of Spain "to proceed to discover and settle the Island of Bimini," as Florida was then known in legend. He reached the coast near the present site of Fernandina, March 27, Easter Sunday, and named the land from the Spanish designation of the day—Pascua Florida, or Pascua de las Flores. De Leon, in a letter to Charles V., says: "Among my services, I discovered, at my own cost and charge, the island of Florida; and now I return to settle it, that the name of Christ may be praised there, and your Majesty served with the fruit that fair land produces." According to tradition, the aged Knight was really searching for the fabled fountain of perpetual youth

delusion, a mirage of the heart and the soul, that love lifts a woman up to the level of the man who loves her.

"Then there may be some fault—some grave fault. I can understand that, too. We do not love because we should, but because we must, and there is nothing so cruel as the inequality of man and woman in the way the world regards their conduct. But I am like a bat in the dark, flying at gleams of light from closely curtained windows. Will you not confide in me? Do! Do! Do!

"Besides, I have the other matter to talk about. You remember telling me of how you kicked out the man M—? He turned spy as the consequence, and has been sent to England. You ought to know that he has been making inquiries about you, and appears to have found out various particulars. Any day may bring urgent news of him, and if

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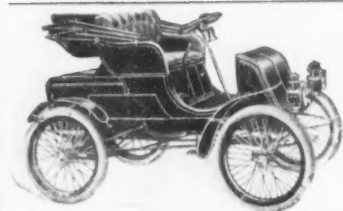
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THE ETERNAL CITY

the open windows of the hotels and houses round about were filled with faces. A military band was drawn up by the portico, ready to receive the signal as the King approached, and royal guards in glistening helmets stood waiting at the door. A way was kept for carriages to draw up and discharge their occupants, and reporters with notebooks in hand were jotting down the names of distinguished persons as they arrived. Deputies on foot were sometimes recognized by the public in the outer square and streets and greeted with slight cheering. The atmosphere was gay and bright.

Coming from the direction opposite to the palace, David Rossi had encountered no crowds until he reached the Piazza. Then he entered the House unobserved, by the little private door for Deputies in the side street. The chamber was already thronged and as full of movement as a hive of bees. Ladies in light dresses, soldiers in uniform, diplomatists wearing decorations, Senators and Deputies in white cravats and gloves, were moving to their places and saluting each other with bows and smiles.

It was a semicircular chamber with formal rows of stalls round its curved side, upholstered in red velvet. On its straight side there was a broad platform, on which there stood a large gilded armchair under a baldachin, also in red velvet, with an eagle embroidered in gold. A gallery for reporters and for the undistinguished public ran round the upper part of the walls, and the roof was a dome of glass. A portion of the seats had been reserved for Deputies, and David Rossi slipped into the place he usually occupied. It was the corner seat by the door on the left of the royal canopy, and immediately facing the section which had been apportioned to the Court Tribune. He did not lift his eyes to it as he entered, but he was conscious of a tall, well-rounded, yet girlish figure, in a gray dress that glistened in a ray of sunshine; with dark hair under a large black hat, and flashing eyes that seemed to pierce into his own like a shaft of light.

Beautiful Italian ladies with big Oriental eyes were about her, and young Deputies were using their opera-glasses upon them with undiluted curiosity. There was much gossip, some laughter and a good deal of speculation. The atmosphere was one of high spirits, approaching gaiety—the atmosphere of the theatre and the ballroom.

The clock over the reporters' gallery showed seven minutes after the hour appointed when the walls of the chamber shook with the vibration of a cannon-shot. It was a shot fired at the Castle of St. Angelo to announce the King's arrival. At the same moment there came the muffled strains of the royal hymn being played by the band in the Piazza. The little gales of gossip died down in an instant and in dead silence the assembly rose to its feet.

A minute afterward the King entered amid a fanfare of trumpets, the shouts of many voices, and the clapping of hands. He was a young man in the uniform of a general, small, thin, pallid, nervous, and with a face that was drawn with deep lines under the eyes by ill-health and anxiety. Two soldiers walked by his side, and behind him were a line of his Ministers. His queen, a tall and beautiful girl, came afterward, surrounded by many ladies.

The King took his seat under the baldachin with his Ministers on his left. The Queen sat on his right, with her ladies beside her. They bowed to the plaudits of the assembly, and the drawn face of the young King wore a painful smile.

The Baron Bonino, in Court dress and decorations, stood at the King's elbow, calm, dignified, self-possessed, the one strong face and figure in the group under the canopy. After the clapping and the shouting had subsided he requested the assembly, at the command of his Majesty, to resume their seats. Then he handed a paper to the King, and the King began to read.

It was the King's speech to his Parliament, and he read it nervously, without oratorical effect, and in a voice that had not learned to control itself. But the speech itself was sufficiently emphatic, and its words were grandiose and even florid.

It consisted of four clauses. In the first clause the King thanked God that his country was on terms of amity with all foreign countries, and invoked God's help in the preservation of peace. The second clause was about the increase of the army.

"The army," said the King, "is very dear to me, as it has always been dear to my family. My illustrious grandfather, who granted freedom to the kingdom, was a soldier; my honored father was a soldier, and it is my pride that I am myself a soldier also. The army was the foundation of our liberty and it is now the security of our rights. On the strength and stability of the army rests the power of our nation abroad and the authority of our institutions at home. It is my firm resolve to

maintain the army in the future as my illustrious ancestors maintained it in the past, and therefore my government will propose a bill which is intended to increase still further its numbers and its efficiency."

This was received with a great outburst of applause and the waving of many handkerchiefs. It was observed that some of the ladies shed tears.

The third clause was about the growth and spread of anarchism.

"My house," said the King, "gave liberty to the nation, and now it is my duty and my hope to give it security and strength. It is known to my faithful Parliament that certain subversive elements, not in Italy only but throughout Europe, throughout the world, have been using the most devilish machinations for the destruction of all order, divine and human, God, calculating criminals have perpetrated crimes against the most innocent and the most highly civilized which have sent a thrill of horror into all civilized hearts. My government asks for an absolute power over such criminals, and if we are to bring back security to the State we must restore and reinvigorate the authority to which society trusts the high mandate of protecting and governing."

A still greater outburst of cheering interrupted the young King, who raised his head amid the shouts, the clapping of hands and the fluttering of handkerchiefs, and smiled his painful smile.

"More than that," continued the King, "I have to deplore the spread of associations, sodalities and clubs which by an erroneous conception of liberty are disseminating the germs of revolt against the State. Under the most noble propositions about the moral and economical redemption of the people is hidden a propaganda for the conquest of the public powers. Leaders whose only motive is blind envy of a social state superior to their own are diffusing hate, between the classes by inculcating doctrines that cut at the root of public order and threaten the existence of the dynasty. Associations which have not even asked the permission of the authorities are hiding under the cover of religion and texts of Scripture their true character, which is political and subversive. My aim is to gain the affection of my people and to interest them in the cause of order and public security, and therefore my government will present an urgent bill which is intended to stop the flowering of those parasitic organizations by re-touching those laws of the press and of public meeting in whose defects the agitators find opportunity for their attacks on the doctrines of the State."

A prolonged outburst of applause followed this passage, mingled with a tumult of tongues, which went on after the King had begun to read again and rendered his last clause—an invocation of God's blessing on the deliberations of Parliament—almost inaudible.

But the end of the speech was a signal for further cheering, and when the King left the hall, bowing as nervously as before, and smiling his painful smile, the shouts "Long live the King!" the clapping of hands and the waving of handkerchiefs followed him to the street. The entire ceremony had occupied twelve minutes.

Then the clamor of voices was terrific, and it drowned the sound of the royal hymn outside. Deputies were climbing about to join their friends among the ladies, whose light laughter was to be heard on every side.

David Rossi rose to go. Without lifting his head he had been conscious that during the latter part of the King's speech many eyes had been upon him. Playing with his watch-chain, he had struggled to look calm and impassive. But his heart was sick and he wished to get away quickly.

A partition shielding the door of the corridor stood near to his seat, and he was trying to get round to it. He heard his name in the air around him, mingled with significant trills and unmistakable accents. All at once he was conscious of a perfume he knew and of a girlish figure facing him.

"Good-day, Honorable," said a voice that thrilled him.

It quivered like the strings of a harp drawn tight.

He lifted his head and answered. It was Roma. Her face was lighted up with a fire he had never seen before. Only one glance he dared to take, but he could see that at the next instant those flashing eyes would burst out crying.

The tide was going out by the front doors where the carriages and the reporters waited, but David Rossi stepped round to the back. No one was going that way, except two or three old men of his own party who were grumbling their way down the stairs, and one or two young Deputies who were hurrying to the lottery to stake their money on the number of the clauses of the King's speech, the number of minutes he had been late arriving, and the number of the day of the month—4, 7, and 25.

David Rossi was on the way to the office of his newspaper, and, dipping into the Corso

Tested by Time

and found still the favorite.



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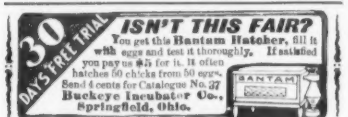
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from a lane that crossed it, he came upon the King's carriage going back to the Quirinal. It was entirely surrounded by cavalry officers riding two deep—before, behind, and on either side—so that the King, with his Queen, and two soldiers in attendance, were scarcely visible to the cheering crowd. Last of all in the royal procession came an ordinary cab containing two detectives in plain clothes.

To David Rossi it was a painful, even an abject, sight. Miserable and doomed, whatever its flourishes, was the institution that had to be maintained by such a retinue. A throne broad based on the love of the people might be strong and right, but a throne that had to be protected from their hate or yet from the dagger of the assassin, was weak and wrong. Not to be King of all the Kingdoms of the earth would a true man live in an abject life such as that procession gave hint of. The timid young man who had just spoken as if he were a god was being taken home as if he were a prisoner!

(TO BE CONTINUED)

TO NIKOLA TESLA

IF POWER and confidence were wed as one In thy bold search o'er that far heavenward track,

Renown as dominant thou shouldst not lack As all that fable on her dim loon hath spun. Thou shouldst be held in high communion With him Caucasian agonies did wrack; With Atlas, pondering Earth on his huge back; Or even Apollo, charioting the sun.

Yet ah, too venturesome, though man's toil may wrest Rich ores and gems from his dull globe's domain

And bid their smothered light subservient shine, What mortal here, when spiritual his quest, Hath pick or spade that shall not quarry in vain Those blue vaults of Eternity's vast mine?

EDGAR FAWCETT.

A BALLADE OF MARS

"A noted scientist has recently observed an electrical phenomenon which he claims is a message from Mars."—Daily Paper

SIX THOUSAND years this dull old Earth Plodded alone her weary way, And from the moment of her birth Revolved in solitude each day; But now all this has passed for aye, We are to chum with other stars, And we have reason to be gay Now that we're recognized by Mars.

No longer life's a dreary dearth, Since Mars has sent this welcome ray; Ah, who can estimate the worth Of such a patronage, or pay Respect sufficient to convey Thanks for this best of Avatars? Toward upper circles we may stray Now we've been recognized by Mars.

We may expect a smile of mirth O'er Mother Nature's face to play; Our planet may expand in girth, And even from its orbit sway. It is impossible to say (Since we have once let down the bars), What firm-fixed laws we'll disobey Now we've been recognized by Mars.

L'ENVOI

Oh, Scientists, make haste, we pray, Quickly invent aerial cars; To worlds unknown we've the entrée Now that we're recognized by Mars.

CAROLYN WELLS.

MIXED MAXIMS

ONE swallow does not make the world go round.

A rolling stone shows which way the wind blows.

Little pitchers save the nine.

It's an ill wind that sweeps clean.

The course of true love waits for no man.

A bird in the hand is as good as a feast.

Uneasy lies the head that has no turning.

People who live in glass houses never hear any good of themselves.

A friend in need is the thief of time.

The love of money levels all ranks.

Honesty is its own reward.

In a multitude of consols there is safety.

The wind blows where it is listed.

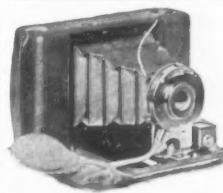
A stitch in time is worth two in the side.

Limitation is in the sincerest flattery.

The best-laid eggs of many a hen Gang aft a-gley.

The proof of the printer is in the reading.

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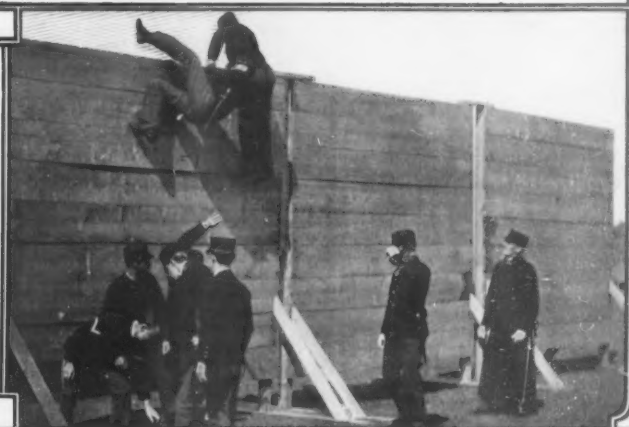
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THE EXHIBITION OF MILITARY ATHLETES

"I WANT to be a military man." No one would have thought, when the military athletic tournament made its first appeal to the public from the 14th to the 19th of March in 1898, that it would grow to anything like its present importance and significance. On that occasion the net proceeds were devoted to a fund to aid in building a monument to the late Josiah Porter, Adjutant-General of the National Guard of the State of New York. While it is true that this Military League was organized on a broader basis, it is a fact that it was at that time limited to members of regiments, batteries, battalions and separate companies in the vicinity of New York. But those who build laid out such a foundation as should eventually include far more than this, and at present there is hardly an event in the way of public exhibitions in the Madison Square Garden that equals it in scope or importance. Many adventitious circumstances have aided very materially in its development. The interest in military and naval affairs which, in 1898, so far as the general public was concerned, was small, has, on account of our own war in Cuba, as well as later developments on the world's stage, grown to embrace all classes.

RECEPTION TO THE REVIEWING OFFICERS

If any one doubted for a moment the affection our men and women have for the military, and especially for the "jackies," all that was necessary to convince him of his error was to lead him into the Fifth Annual Tournament of the Military Athletic League at Madison Square Garden. Last year Governor Roose-

velt received an ovation there which said as plainly as the lungs of thousands could that they loved him as a type of the courageous man. This year their reception of him as Vice-President was wilder than before, and in both cases it was evident they had in mind the war in Cuba and San Juan Hill rather than any civic rank. Nor was the reception to the hero of Manila any less impressive.

With all the interesting events which take place during a year in the Garden there is none more unique than this imitation of acts of war. In some way it is easy to feel that these men and horses on the tan-bark for a moment lose all thought of their surroundings and are really in earnest. There is a desperation about them and a devil-may-care that we all believe makes the American fighting man pre-eminent among his fellows.

MANY NOVEL FEATURES

Many novel features were introduced this year, the cavalrymen and artillerymen being almost the only ones who did not introduce some very distinct novelty, and their performance is annually sufficiently thrilling to need no marked change. The signal corps gave a very interesting bit of work in the line of tower building. Four posts were brought in and laid on the tan-bark. Then strips of pine were nailed on to these in pairs, a top of board quickly made, the side pieces were drawn up by rope, and this top platform was put on, so that in ten minutes a tower some forty feet in height had been erected upon which the wig-wagger might stand to give greater distance to his signals.

The running events possessed the same local interest as ever, but the track was heavy.

A very bad spot at the southwest corner was fatal to any bicyclist who tried to do anything but hug the very edge of the tan-bark and made the races of the second night little

more than a farce. But the spills furnished excitement, and between those and the interesting question whether a horse would put Private Cody out of the game for good by stepping on his face and the always delightful sensation of facing the guns, the public had its full return for coming.

TO FOLLOWERS of amateur athletics who are interested in the question of endurance as well as age, the particular reports made by the two physicians on the contestants in the late six-day race at Philadelphia are of especial interest. Barnes, who took second place, was a man fifty-six years of age, who had evidently gone through some pretty hard experiences, but who was able to beat out every man in the race except only Glick. Upon examination on Thursday of the week Barnes showed a pulse of 90, regular beat; heart sounds were normal. There were no cerebral symptoms, and, apart from a slightly livid appearance of the lips, indicating an imperfect aeration of the blood, not an uncommon thing in a man of his years under physical strain, showed a generally excellent condition. Glick, the man who won the race, at the same time showed a pulse of 84, and regular, heart sounds normal, no cerebral symptoms, and general condition good. In fact, the only man of the lot who did not pass the medical examination on that day was Hegelman, who, owing to an injury to his right leg, was in bad condition and was withdrawn. During the race George Tracy received sufficient internal administration of atropine with strychnine, given as a heart stimulant, to produce quite marked dilatation of the pupil, but finished in fairly good condition, and on Thursday night's examination had a pulse of 75, and regular, heart beats normal, no cerebral symptoms, and in general good condition.

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WORKING FOR THE GOVERNMENT

(FOURTH ARTICLE)



OPPORTUNITIES IN THE ARMY AND NAVY

IN CONSIDERING the opportunities for employment under the United States Government, not a little attention should be given to the two great branches which have in late years come conspicuously to the front. The army and navy have always had a certain fascination for young men of an adventurous turn of mind, and in times of war thousands have voluntarily enrolled themselves in either army or navy to fight their country's battles.

The volunteers who enlist for a short war generally do so for various reasons, such as patriotism, love of adventure, and the desire to find out what war really means. Some of these volunteers become so attached to their work that they become permanent additions to the army; others merely serve their six months or a year, and then retire to civil life again, heartily sick of the whole experience.

For those considering either the army or navy as a profession, it should be stated at the outset that the highest and most remunerative positions are usually restricted to those who have been specially educated and trained. The volunteer who has never received the scientific training—for either army or navy—considered necessary for successful leadership and administration stands handicapped in the race.

WEST POINT AND ANNAPOLIS

When admitted to the United States Military Academy or the Naval Academy the cadet receives, in either institution, a sum averaging \$500 a year and his board. This is sufficient to furnish him with clothes and pay his way comfortably. Some of the cadets manage to save up a few hundred dollars from this salary, so that when they graduate they have a little money ahead for emergencies. In case of sickness the cadet receives free medical attendance. The cadets spend four years at the West Point Military Academy, and six years at the Naval Academy. When the young man has passed his last West Point examination he is ranked as a second lieutenant, with a salary ranging from \$1,300 to \$1,400 per year. He receives his appointment to some post by the War Department, the assignment sometimes being in the Far West, where he may be lost sight of for years, or again in some prominent place in the East, where his services may come under the direct eye of his immediate superiors, who can aid him in his advancement.

In the Naval Academy the young cadet spends four years on shore studying hard, and two years at sea. Small salaries are paid for the first four years, but when serving the term at sea this pay is increased. Upon graduation the young cadet is commissioned, and paid a moderate salary until attached to some vessel, when he receives the larger salary which that particular post carries. The young officer then stands in the direct line of promotion to the highest positions in the service.

GENERAL AND SPECIAL CHANCES

Whether in the army or navy, the way for advancement is clearly defined, and if the officer performs his duties thoroughly he will gradually make his way upward according to well-established rules of promotion. There are few exceptions. A young officer who makes a special mark in any particular line will be promoted above the heads of those who have shown no such aptitude. Our late war brought out a whole crop of young West Pointers and Annapolis graduates who distinguished themselves and were accordingly advanced rapidly. This special promotion may also follow in times of peace. A young officer in the engineering department of the army or in the designing and construction department of the navy may become an authority on his particular subject. His gifts may win special rewards for him. Sometimes he receives special appointments on commissions named by the President, or he contrives inventions which the government takes from him and pays liberal compensation for. There is, indeed, opportunity in either branch for a bright, persistent student of engineering, of mechanics, or of war strategy to distinguish himself. He has the advantage of government aid, advice, and special library reference works to facilitate his work.

FURTHER OPPORTUNITIES STILL

But the thousands who cannot enter either the navy or army through one of the great schools established by the government for this purpose have other opportunities reserved for them. There are the raw recruits who enlist to fight the country's battles. The pay is only about thirteen dollars a month, but it includes board, rations and medical attend-

ance. The man who aspires to serve in the navy will receive a little more at first, for the sailor is paid a trifle higher wages than the raw recruit receives. In applying for positions in either branch the applicant must pass a severe physical examination, and be between eighteen and thirty-five years of age. If under twenty-one he must secure the consent of parents or guardians to enlist. From this position the recruit has the chance of promotion to the rank of non-commissioned officer. The wages paid these officers in the army range from seventeen to fifty dollars per month. Special decrees by the President or Congress can at any time raise a man or officer to a much higher rank. It is always possible for the soldier or sailor entering the navy or army in this way to win a commission. In times of peace this is slow and difficult work, but when there is a war such commissions are won in numbers.

CRAFTSMEN AND MECHANICS AFLOAT

There is another wide branch of work in the army and navy which is not always considered by those who look upon the soldier or sailor simply as a fighting man, able and ready to handle a weapon, and do nothing more. In the navy, for instance, there are scores, and even hundreds, of skilled artisans who receive several times as much in wages as the ordinary seaman. These include the men who work in the government shipyards, and those who go to sea with every war vessel. The modern fighting ship is such a complicated machine that it requires nearly as many skilled engineers and mechanics to operate it as it does gunners and marines to beat back the enemy. Every crew of a war vessel is made up of sailors, officers, marines, mechanics, boiler-makers, plumbers, blacksmiths, shipwrights, sailmakers, coppersmiths, painters, engineers, apothecaries, and musicians. The floating war craft is thus a city of itself, with a dozen or more trades represented by its crew. The craft is self-supporting and independent of the rest of the world. Should accident or mishap of any kind happen to it there are experts at hand to make repairs on machinery, hull, sails, spars, or guns.

The pay for these skilled artisans ranges all the way from twenty-five dollars a month for ordinary mechanics to one hundred and twenty-five dollars and more for expert assistant engineers.

SKILLED LABOR IN THE ARMY AND IN THE NAVY YARDS

In the army nearly the same class of skilled artisans are employed, although less in number, and the pay is slightly smaller. The engineering corps, the signal corps, and similar branches of the army are composed of men who have mastered their particular lines of work, and are thoroughly prepared to give their government the very best service possible. From the ranks of the army and navy engineers have come of some of the world's best experts in matters of great engineering importance. They have learned in a practical way all that there is to know about army engineering, and their experience has then been supplemented by book study. There is probably no better training school for artisans and mechanics than the army or navy.

In the navy yards there are thousands of mechanics and artisans employed, some of whom are taken direct from outside, and others who have passed through the regular service and received this shore appointment. All those in command and holding chief positions in the navy yards are regularly enlisted in the navy. Uncle Sam endeavors to place a premium upon those who serve him regularly, and the best berths are always reserved for such.

FAITHFUL SERVICE REWARDED

One feature of serving in the army or navy is that a man can make it a life service, and if he properly deports himself he can rest assured of a fair income until his death. Even though sickness or old age come he is provided for. There are pensions and salaries for those who have retired on account of old age or sickness. This shows that governments are more sympathetic in their treatment of employees than most private concerns. It is only right that, after a man has given his best days and strength to the service of his country, he should have some assurance that he will not be cast into a pauper's grave when too old or sick to work any longer. War may be hell, but so long as human nature is as quarrelsome as it is to-day armies and navies will be necessary for the self-preservation of every independent nation. Such being the case, it should be the aim of modern governments to make the life of the soldier or sailor as attractive and pleasant as possible, consistent with efficient service in the field or in barracks, at sea or on land.



SHE: "It's Uncle John and Aunt Mary. Now what's to be done? The cook is out, you know."

HE: "Oh! throw something together. Anything will do for Sunday night supper."

SHE: "'Anything will do!' Uncle John thinks more of his meals than he does of his money, and you know I can't cook!"

HE: "Yes, I do know! But you have some of Libby's good things and that little book about preparing Libby's cooked and ready-to-serve foods."

SHE: "Oh! I never thought! You open a can of Melrose Paté. I'll cream it in the chafing dish, and there's one can of Chicken Loaf; we'll have that cold. With the Deviled Ham for sandwiches, we'll have a feast, and Uncle John will imagine himself at a banquet."

The many varieties of Libby's delicious food products in key-opening cans are always ready for emergencies if you have them on your pantry shelf. Ask your grocer for them. Send for the little book, "How to Make Good Things to Eat," mailed free. Libby, McNeill & Libby, Chicago, The World's Greatest Caterers.

Their Favorite Quaker Oats

No other food makes children so round and rosy.

Unlike Wheat Foods, which are composed almost entirely of Starch, QUAKER OATS contains plenty of Protein for tissue and muscle, enough Fat for reserve force, and sufficient Mineral Matter to build up and maintain the bony structure, the teeth and the hair. Cook it exactly according to directions on package. **At all Grocers'. In 2-lb. Packages only, with Quaker figure.**

WILLIAMS' Shaving Soaps



Of course it is WILLIAMS' SHAVING SOAP—no other could produce such a mass of thick, creamy lather—no other soap so thoroughly softens the beard and makes shaving such a soothing, refreshing part of the morning toilet. Search the world over and you won't find the equal of WILLIAMS' SHAVING SOAPS.

Williams' Shaving Soaps are sold everywhere, but sent by mail if your dealer does not supply you.

Williams' Shaving Stick, 25 cts. Luxury Shaving Tablet, 25 cts.
Genuine Yankee Shaving Soap, 10 cts. Williams' Glycerated Tar Soap, 15 cts.
Williams' Shaving Soap, (Barber's), 6 round cakes, 1 lb., 40 cents. Exquisite also for toilet.

THE J. B. WILLIAMS COMPANY, Glastonbury, Conn.

Depots. London, Paris, Dresden, Sydney.

Lackawanna Railroad

The general completion of the arrangement makes it an ideal route for ladies travelling alone from New York to Buffalo, and a comfortable and convenient one to the West.

Refers to the Lackawanna Railroad, New York.

For ease and comfort to the West, no other route is so direct as the Lackawanna Railroad. The freedom from dust, smoke, and jolting, and the freedom from the heat of the day, and the freedom from the cold of the night, are all factors in the comfort of the Lackawanna Railroad.

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Even though other Oculists may have pronounced your case incurable, Dr. Oneal brings you this message of cheer:

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Mrs. S. C. Willard of Libertyville, Ill., says: "Was blind from Cataracts, and Dr. Oneal wonderfully restored my sight. I can now read fine print."

Write, stating the facts in your case, and receive illustrated book and opinion free. Send names and addresses of others who have Eye troubles and you will receive complimentary subscription to a high-class family monthly.

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